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BIG FISH MAGIC

By Arthur E. McFarlane

"—AND NOW INSTEAD OF *FRIGHT* IT WAS *FIGHT* WITH HER!"

IT WAS just after sunset, and the wistful bellowing of the Lower Falls came up to us softened and mellowed by the quiet coloring of the evening sky. The deep, sombre "big fish water" stretched away up Indian Channel, raggedly etched by the darkening shadows of the old cedars. But we were not thinking of this new Ontario twilight picture. We had risen from supper only some five minutes before, and, as we lounged and smoked on the patch of cool, close-woven knot-grass before the door, we were still, between slow puffs of rumination, devoutly murmuring its praises.

"Yes," said Mat, "barrin' salt and sugar, tea, coffee and spices, there's nothin' much goes on to that table but what comes off of the place. It isn't only the beef and bacon, and the maple syrup and wild strawberries, but the oatmeal for your porridge and the flour for the bread is grown right here, too. I've let it stay that way a-purpose. I'm content to have it so myself, and the fishin' men who come up here and could well afford to pay for better seem to like it even more. With the most of them the closer they get to simple Nature the better they're suited. Lots of 'em stand out to sleep in the mows all the time; and I've known some—old fellers, too, as well as young—to just kick away the beddin' and lie right in the soft, fresh-cured meadow-grass. And Lord, ain't it good for 'em, too! I mix some Injun hay with it, and two weeks of breathin' that 'sweet medicine' smell all night will make a man feel that he's got back ten years of his life any time. Of course if it comes on rain, it mostly means a pretty scandalous helter-skelter steeplechase for the house. But another Noah's Flood wouldn't bring *some* of 'em in. No, sir, come drownin', thunderbolts and rheumatix, it wouldn't! And as long as it's daylight they'll tramp miles under the full glare of the sun, and wade into the rapids up to their waists, and walk in the dew, and—yes, and instead of dyin' of it as they would if they were at home in New York or Pittsburg or Philadelphia, they just thrive on it! Yes, sir, when they come up here fishin' and huntin', they're like hobbled animals let loose in the woods again. Doc'll take out of that another proof that men were in the beginnin' all of them hunters and fishers, and lived in the bush natural-like. And I know it's always been proof to *me*, even before I heard Doc's science ideas on the subject, of how little distance a right-hearted man can git from Nature, even if he lives for fifty years between steel and stone. It's in him, and the new grip it takes on him every summer's as strong as if it'd never been broken."

Gunn remarked that "if *men* seemed occasionally to get back to Nature, *women* never seemed to have left it."

But the old Algoman farmer-guide immediately sat up in vigorous negation. "No, sir, now—no, sir, I can't agree with you there at all—not in the matter of what I've been talkin' about, anyway. It's mebbe so in some things, but it certainly ain't so when it comes to takin' to the woods and water in the summer. With a good fifty per cent. of women in my opinion there's no such thing as gittin' back to Nature at all. And if they do try it, Nature seems to begin to draw away from *them!* Yes, sir, it does! You watch only the fishin' and—dad fetch it!—you'll see it begin to get poorer wherever they come! And that's one reason why I've never given them much encouragement to come up here. I reckon most summer places arrive sooner or later at the choice between keepin' the real old fishin' crowd, with things left as they were, and lettin' in the women, with the higher rates they pay for the privilege of makin' things uncomfortable. But, by jinks, with me there's never goin' to be any choice! Mind, I'm not speakin' of the out-and-out faultfindin' some women do, but of that maddenin', stiff-starched, *over-civilizedness* that seems to be in so many of 'em—in some of a mighty good sort, otherwise, too—and that forever keeps them from gettin' back to first principles. I've had them up here, and I know. They'll read a while, and do fancy-work a while, and then begin to wander about with that lost, onsatisfied, lookin'-for-somethin' look in their face. They know they're out with things, somehow or other. They think it's better boats they want, or dancin' in the evenin', or an orchestry. But it's just old Nature that's callin' them—got them by the hands even—and whatever it is that keeps them back, they won't let theirselves go to her. I've seen it often and again—splendid girls lots of 'em, too, as I've said. But occasionally one makes the step in spite of herself—has to take the creek at a jump, skirts or no skirts, as you might say—and when she does, I don't imagine she ever regrets it.

"I've got a case in mind that happened right here a couple of years ago that'll illustrate that. When you were up last summer was there a John T. Temple and his daughter here? No? Well, they must have left just before you arrived, but you'll meet them when the crowd begins to come in next week, anyway; and the girl is the one I'm goin' to tell you about.

"Temple's a pretty fine feller. He's been coming to the Forks about as long as anybody has—last summer was his thirteenth year—and he's welcomer every time he comes. He's a Pittsburg iron man, and I couldn't tell you how much he's worth; but I know thumbin' bills has never spoiled his hand for an eight-ounce rod. He's a true-blooded old sport, not the whiskey-baitin', stay-in-till-the-rain's-over sort, but a tight-lipped, hand-and-eye, day-long fishin' man. Many a time he's got up before dawn and tramped the seven mile to Trout Creek and back before breakfast; I reckon he'd go right over the Chute after a 'lunge if it came to a case of follow or cut; and what's even more to his credit, he never talks about the fish he didn't quite catch—he's a silent man, anyway.

"Well, two years ago he wrote me that that June he'd like to bring his wife and two grown-up daughters along. It seemed they'd been all over America, pretty near—sea and mountains, and mineral springs—and they'd all alike become tedyous and played-out with them; this year they wanted a 'complete rest and change,' and he'd told them that the Forks was exactly what they were lookin' for. One of the queer things about human nature is that a man, no matter how naterally onselfish he may be, never gets over the feelin' that his women-folks must in ordinary reason like what he likes; he can bring up a family till he has great-grandchildren and never lose that way of lookin' at things. And no doubt Temple figured on givin' those women a fortnight here that would send them back home to just sit markin' the days off the calendar till next June'd come. Well, as what I've told you'll let you guess—I had cause to figure different; I didn't look forward to their comin' with those feelin's at all. But for his sake I made them welcome.

"And it was exactly as I foreseen it would be. They didn't say anything at first—indeed they were mighty polite right through—but I hadn't spread the 'buffalo' over the hind seat of the democrat to bring them out here from the Junction before I saw by the look beginnin' to freeze on their faces that it was all new experience to them—they were goin' to get their 'complete rest and change' all right—and they surely weren't goin' to like it! It wasn't that they ever did any up-and-down criticisin'; it was just in the way they'd shut their lips tight and look at each other at about everything that come along, or stand off whisperin' together twenty times or more a day. And the morning after they'd come the old lady says to the wife: 'I see you use feather beds' (she'd taken off the shuck ticks and give' them the only feather ones in the house).

"'Why, yes,' says the wife, worried in a minute—'mebbe—mebbe you don't like them?'

"'Oh,' she answers, 'I don't think life ought to be a matter of what one likes and dislikes. I think they'll do us good just *because* we've not been accustomed to them. They'll be part of the change.' There was another change that night, for the wife had those feathers off quicker'n you'd snatch a settin' hen off new-laid eggs. But I don't believe they liked the straw she put them on any better.

"And then again, when Mary was waitin' on them at supper—'Oh, Mrs. McCutcheon,' says the old dame, 'I think you're so sensible not to put on fresh napkins for every meal. They make so much extra laundrying that I think people can very well do without the added comfort it is to have them!' She was the sort of woman who'd spike a saw-log and then putty over the spike-head so as the saws wouldn't mind it. I could see Temple tryin' to talk some sense into her; but when he'd get her stopped in one place she'd break out somewhere else.

"And the elder girl was pretty near as bad to live with as her mother. She was lean and sallow-faced, and she'd walk about blinkin' sniffy-like at things—she was a little near-sighted—and when she'd find somethin' she could most partic'larly disapprove of she come back in a fierce sort of triumph, holdin' her lips together as if she had a bunch of pins in her mouth. The second day the old man suggested that she come along with him and learn to fish, and she went into a gape, disgusted as if he'd just proved himself half fool and half knave, and says: '*Father!*—when you know I wouldn't *catch* a fish, or *see* one caught, or be in the same *boat* when they were catchin' them!' 'Well, my Lord,' I says to myself, 'you poor thing, you; if you wouldn't *catch* a fish, or *see* one caught, or be in the same *boat* where they were catchin' them, what in sin did you come up here for?'

"And the youngest girl, though she seemed to have more of her father in her than the eldest and hadn't any great fault to find with things, was aggravatin' enough, too. She was as dainty with herself as a cat on a wet lawn, and she'd come down with her paintin' kit to where her dad and me were fightin' bass in the mist and roar of the rapids, pickin' her steps pernickety as if there was only one way to get there. And one afternoon, when the old man straightens up his back from a four-pounder and shouts in to her: 'Well, Mab, gettin' to like it any better?' 'Oh,' she sends back, 'I'm sure it's pitcheresque enough.' '*Pitcheresque!*' And us havin' sport any number of men pay thousands for and never get! But she only said that half to tease him, which she was always doin', even when she might better have kept her tongue between her teeth. Sometimes when he'd be strikin' out alone in the mornin' she'd say to him: 'Pop, don't you wish I was a "new woman" so that I could put on the wading boots and come along now, really?'

"And he'd say: 'P'raps I do, daughter. Won't you come along, anyway'—which she'd go into a little shriek at the very idea of. Really, it wasn't much better than her sister's way of takin' it.

"And he'd pull his mustache, smilin' kind of uncertainly—there was more father-lonesomeness than laugh in it, it seemed to me—and go off by himself. He was a silent man, as I've told you, but I reckon he wouldn't lack for somethin' to *meditate* on those mornin's. . . . He had no sons, and except for the bother they were to him, he had mighty little part in the women-folks of his family. And that used to rat me more than I could tell you.

"But what I naterally couldn't stand at all was havin' to row or paddle the daughters on their paintin' and drawin' excursions while I might have been keepin' the old man company fishin' myself. But I'd give' him my promise that I'd be at his service for whatever he needed of me; and more than half the time he had me go with them. I tell you, though, I wasn't in any overflowin' good humor while I was doin' it. I took them where they wanted to go, and left them alone while they were there, and brought them back again with no more unnecessary conversation than they'd have got out of an Ojibway campin' guide. And it was on one of those days, when I was out with the youngest one, that somethin' happened that made the biggest kind of change in her life and way of lookin' at things.

"I'd had her up the river at Cedar Point all afternoon. It'd been a clear, bright day, and she'd been paintin' those high rocks on Thompson's side; and it was about half-past five when we started back. Well, I suppose she'd got a little tired of my playin' the bear with her. Anyway, she wasn't in the birch-bark five minutes before she begun to take it out of me in pickin' and teasin'. My best trollin' line was lyin' in the bow, and she dropped on it first thing: 'Why didn' I reel it crosswise instead of straight round the block? Here I'd been handlin' lines for forty years and hadn't learned that simple little trick, while any woman would do it right the first time she had to wind off a spool of linen.' And first thing I knew she had it off the wood altogether. I didn't like that at all, for a troll loose from the block is about as safe as a net without a buoy; and I told her so. But she didn't mind me any more than a deef and dumb infant would have, and began to dangle and play out the spoon while she went straight on with her pesterin' foolishness. 'Didn't I think, after all, that we only pretended we liked fishin' so much? Wasn't it just to get away from the women? And didn't I, honestly now, think that it was a pretty cruel sort of sport?' Every minute or so the droppin' sun would come glintin' through the trees straight into my eyes, irritatin' as a fly on the nose, and what she was sayin' seemed to be kin, and go with it. But I kep' answerin' 'Yes' and 'No,' 'Yes' and 'No,' and sometimes nothin' at all, wishin' her back with her mother fifty times. And when we got into the shadow and quiet of MacKenzie's Channel, the deep still water and the big old cedars hangin' over it makin' it seem almost like twilight in the Cathedral at Ottaway, I begun to lose all patience with her jay-chitterin'. 'Well, Mr. McCutcheon,' she says, 'here *I've* been fishin' for a good fifteen minutes and I haven't caught a thing. Now, how would you account for that?'

"'Oh, I don't *know*, miss,' I says, blowin' off in spite of myself, 'unless it's because you don't *hold your mouth right!*'

"She didn't quite understand at first. I reckon, probably, bein' told to shut up was somethin' she wasn't what you might call used to; and no doubt that way of puttin' it was new to her besides. But when she did begin to get the force of it, she looked as if I'd picked up the 'lunge club and hit her. Yes, sir, she took it gaspin'! Next minute though, with her lips half apart, she was slowly lookin' me up and down as if she could have up and hit me back again! Lord, MacKenzie's Channel was never more shadowed by silence than it was then! An old crow lifted hisself from a dead limb away up above us, and spread his wings with a 'Haw! haw! haw! Haw! haw! haw!' 'Oh, shet yourself, you old fool,' I says to myself; 'I can see plain enough how bad I've done it. It don't need any rubbin' in. To-night she'll meet her dad with a rag in her eyes, and he'll just naterally *have* to come back at me, no matter how much he'll in'ardly hate to do it. It's the end of *one* twelve years' friendship!'

"By that time she had her lips shut tight—she was holdin' her mouth right *then* beyond a doubt—and takin' in the line in long, vicious, deliberate loops. And I was lookin' straight over her down the bay, when suddenly I felt the canoe jerk and go taut: on the second she let a shriek out of her and there was a whalin' splash twenty yards or so behind us. For all my years on the Wistass it give me a start. But of course I knew what it meant without lookin' in the dictionary, and I spun the 'bark' round quicker'n a compass needle chasin' a magnet: she was in the bow, and to play him she had to have the stern, so to speak. For she was holdin' to him—not because she wanted to, but because it's nature in the hand to keep its grip till the head lets it loose it. And we hadn't 'come about' mor'n two jiffies before he jumped again. By jinks, he was a big feller and no mistake! The flash of that gray-green mackerelin' along his sides was a sight for sore eyes, surely! And he hit the water with a clapboard smack and made off like a boom-log down a raceway.

SHE COOKED HIS DINNER ON THE ROCKS

"'Take it, take it!' screeches the girl, tryin' to shove the line up to me.

"'I'll take it if you'll undertake to manage this birch-bark,' I says, sendin' the canoe full-pelt after the beggar to ease off the worst of the tension. 'If you think you're good to keep us from upsettin' or goin' over the Chute, all right. If not you sit still—and do what I tell you—and you'll bring home the biggest 'lunge that's been caught this year!'

"'I can't! I won't!' she shrieks, and for all I could drive my blade in, she was gettin' jerks like her wrists had St. Vitus Dance. 'If you won't take the line, I'll throw it over and let it go.'

"'No you won't, neither!' I yells back, my blood a-bilin'. 'No, indeed you won't! That line was give' to me by a big-fish sport from New Orleans, and there ain't another bit of cotton twist like it in Canada. You took it off the block against my warnin', and now you throw it over and I'll out and *dive* for it! Yes, and I'll land that 'lunge if I have to hold the troll between my teeth—and *you'll* go over the Falls in the 'bark' while I'm a-doin' it! Look out, now—he's gettin' slack on you—look *out!* He'll be off in half a second!' And I backed water for all was in me. 'Look out, *look*—Now you stop a-*that*, or I'll tip the boat!'

"'I will then, I will!' she shrieks again; 'I want it to get off!' and tried to give him more slack still. 'Get off! Get off!' By that time she was pretty near beside herself.

"'My Lord,' I shouts, 'did any one ever *hear* such goings-on! But you can squawk till the cows come home, though! You're goin' to land that fish, just the same. By jinks, I'd look nice takin' you back to your dad and tellin' him you'd hooked a twenty-five pounder, and I'd let you let him go again! I would, now, wouldn't I?'

"And yet for all she made me so raw I couldn't help feelin' sorry for her. 'Buck fever's' bad enough, but the way a big fish will play Sam Hill with some people's nerves is a hundred times worse. I've had to fight against it myself, not once but fifty times; and I've seen a full-grown man give right up to a twenty-pounder and let him go in fifteen minutes! To that slip of a girl, weak and onexperienced and scared half crazy, it was just as if she'd got her line tangled in a Whitehead torpedo—and that loaded with the very old Satan, too. For a 'lunge is certainly a most ugly, wicked fish. He's bull-strong, and quick as chain-lightnin', and when his fightin' rage is roused I reckon weight for weight a shark 'ud be a reg'lar Christian beside him. And this feller seemed to know it wasn't a man had hold of the line, just as a mean horse'll show he knows when a woman's handlin' the ribbons; and he just rioted in the knowledge of it! 'Mightn't it 'a' been the pain he was in?' 'Pain he was in' nothin'!' You'll see for yourself when I come to that later that it couldn't 'a' been. It was just sheer temper and badness. And the girl had to stand for it. I own to you now that my conscience told me I was playin' the brute with her, for all I wouldn't listen to it; but it's the truth, too, that I didn't have time to. For the bay was a mile too small for us those minutes, and you can't fight a twenty-five pound 'lunge from a 'dead' canoe; it took all my time to get in my part of the give-and-take with the paddle. The 'bark' wasn't any cedar Peterboro, for the Injun ain't got the craft of hand of the white man, no matter what the story-tellers say—but it did what the blade told it the quickest it could, and without any quirks and tricksiness.

"And more'n often the blade had to speak most powerful quick, too. For instead of beginnin' to show the effect of the pace he was makin', that fish seemed to get steadily uglier and stronger. I set my eye to readin' the line, thinkin' again and again I could see signs of his weakenin', but every time the next minute'd show me that I'd read wrong. It beat *me!* But I had a bigger astonisher ahead of me. For after the girl'd fell quiet I'd give' all my mind to the canoe and line; and when by chance I happened to look up at her, the change she'd undergone was somethin' I wasn't in anywise expectin'. For she'd come through her terrors, and now instead of *fright* it was *fight* with her! Her face was all smeary and blubbered, and her mouth was still wabblier than a rabbit's; but that brute fish had so jerked and heckled and pulled and tormented her, that all the temper in her was gettin' up against him. 'All *right*,' she sobs, half to herself; 'since you *wouldn't* get off, and if you *will* be so mean, I'll just *show* you!' She'd come to see that the only way to have it over was to get him in, and the way she begun to fight to win line was a wonder! Once, twice, three times, I reckon, she thought she had him, but one and all ended the same way: he'd seem to get the bit in his teeth again, and make a rush for it, and—to *stop* him? There was no use tryin'.

(*Continued on Page 14*)

"WELL, MAB, GETTIN' TO LIKE IT ANY BETTER?"

THE PROBATION OF BUCKLES' GHOST

His Appalling Discovery—That a Man May Go Through This Life and Never Know His Own Wife, His Own Mind, or His Own Business.

By Robert Barr

"I SUGGEST THE IMMEDIATE ARREST OF MR. DRUMMOND"

BUCKLES' first sensation was a feeling of extreme annoyance with the nurse. She had been paid to attend him in his illness, and here she sat by the head of the bed sound asleep, not to be wakened by his groans when he knew he was in his death agony. All his life Buckles had been a man who, like the centurion of Scripture, commanded and met with prompt obedience. The somnolent conduct of the nurse was, therefore, the more exasperating. Meanwhile, the young woman slumbered in great peacefulness, entirely unaware that her patient was dead and his invisible ghost was jabbering ineffectually at her. Buckles knew he was dead even while partly hoping that he was a victim of some grotesque nightmare. The world into which he had been so suddenly ushered was in no respect different from the one he had left. This was not in accordance with the beliefs he had held during life. Here he was, still in his own room, surrounded by his accustomed furniture, and, luxurious as were its fittings, still it did not correspond with his preconceptions of Paradise, or with his anticipation of the opposite should Providence have condemned him to a fate so unmerited.

Although he speedily found by experiment that he could have no influence upon his surroundings, yet they were all perfectly visible to him, and he came to the conclusion that, after all, death was not an event to be dreaded, for his entire freedom from any suggestion of the bodily ills from which he had so long suffered gave him a strange elation of spirit that was as welcome as unexpected.

His first annoyance with the nurse passed away when he found he could give no effect to it. By and by the gray light of morning began to compete with the waning candles. The nurse yawned and stretched her tired arms above her head.

She was scarcely awake when the door opened gently, and a woman somewhat past middle life entered the room soft-footed.

"How has my husband passed the night?" she asked in a whisper.

"Oh, beautifully!" replied the nurse. "He has been sleeping peacefully since twelve o'clock."

The lady approached the bed, and the ghost would have held its breath, if ghosts breathed, so eagerly did he await her action on making the grim discovery that was imminent. Mistress Buckles was a woman in whom all outward signs of emotion had for years been suppressed by the dominance of her husband. He was a man not to be questioned, and this fact had been impressed on the lady early in their married life. Buckles had had a contempt for feminine opinion, especially that of his own wife, and in later years he had become, as one might say, more unbearable to live with, because the great business prosperity which at first crowned his efforts had not continued. This lack of success had added a querulousness to his nature, without, however, bringing about the compensating subtraction from his masterfulness.

Mrs. Buckles gazed for a moment at her husband's body, then threw open the blinds. The nurse, starting to her feet, gave a little cry of amazement, and said, "I will run at once for the doctor."

"It is useless," replied the lady with more composure than the ghost thought justified by the circumstances, "my husband has been dead for some hours."

Buckles' ghost wandered about the city to which its body had so long been accustomed. Some inherent dislike for the solemn ceremonies of the funeral kept him away from his former home until events had settled themselves in their new course. He moped around his old place of business when, at last, it was reopened and the announcement taken down from the door that informed customers of his decease. But there was no pleasure in such lingering, for he saw, without being able to amend or censure, the neglect of duty on the part of those once in his employ, now that the master's eye had been withdrawn. The sadness which he had expected would somehow fall upon all connected with him when the last tragic event had taken place seemed to him remarkable for its absence.

Even Drummond, his confidential man of business, the manager of the concern that had once been important, and the only person whose advice Buckles had regarded during life, moved about the place with a subdued hilarity which was extremely annoying.

Indeed, strange as it seemed to Buckles, the only one about the establishment who exhibited any trace of sorrow for the change that had occurred was poor old McFarlane, who, when the business was more prosperous, had occupied the place now held by Drummond, and as the ghost saw this its memory went back to the time of McFarlane's displacement, accompanied by reduction of power and salary, an event brought about largely through the instrumentality of the more pushing Drummond, who had, indeed, been the greatest beneficiary by the change.

The ghost haunted the counting-room, the spot to which it was naturally most accustomed, and chafed under its helplessness to influence in any way the business there going forward. This tantalizing occupation at last began to impress itself uneasily upon Buckles, making him believe that this was probably the perdition to which his former life had condemned him.

One day there came through the store a lady draped in back and heavily veiled, but, instead of pausing before any of the counters, she came direct to the business office and entered it.

"Good-morning, Mr. Drummond," she said, putting aside her obscuring veil, and Buckles saw, with a pang, that this was his wife, who, of course, had every right to be there now that he was dead, although she had never set foot in the room during his lifetime.

Drummond replied courteously to her salutation; he was all obsequiousness and suavity, a deferential manner which Buckles had formerly looked upon as his own perquisite, and now he watched with some distrust the bestowal of it upon another. It was really a most perplexing state of affairs. In life he knew that some day he should die, but dissolution had never come within his practical purview.

So he had left no will, had written down no instructions for the carrying on of his affairs, and now here was everything at the disposal of a foolish, brainless woman, who knew, and could know, absolutely nothing of their conduct. If a ghost can sigh, Buckles' ghost sighed heavily as it realized the appalling prospect. His wife sat in his chair, where, indeed, she had every right to sit, and opened up a conversation with Drummond in a manner that showed she had no perception of her own ignorance.

"The business has not been very prosperous for some years past, Mr. Drummond, I understand?"

"No, Madam, I am sorry to say it has not."

"What, in your opinion, has been the cause?"

"Well, Madam, that is scarcely for me to say. You know that the late Mr. Buckles was not a man to be guided by advice, and, without wishing to censure in any way his capabilities, nevertheless many of his projects seemed to me far from wise—if you will excuse my venturing an opinion."

The ghost tried to shriek aloud at this contemptible exhibition of treachery, but the silence was unbroken save by the words of the two conversing there. Yes, evidently this was perdition, and he was condemned to it.

The wife made no protest against the imputation upon her late husband, but neither did she exhibit any eagerness at hearing him thus slighted. Her demeanor was impassive. The ghost could not understand her in this new light, but it saw that even Drummond was uneasy. The lady spoke again:

"What would you advise me to do with the business?"

"Well," said the manager with some hesitation, "there seem to me two courses of action open to you. I could carry on the business as heretofore, rendering you an account, or, if you cared to let me take full charge of the business—in other words, sell it to me—I could guarantee you an annual payment, unless you prefer to have the money down, and in that case I think I have friends who will help me."

"I shall consider what you have said, but it appears to me the first thing to do is to find out exactly where we stand. Therefore, I propose to put in an accountant, who will reduce to figures the exact state of affairs. Is there any firm of accountants whom you could suggest as competent?"

"Yes," replied Drummond eagerly, "Spaulding & Co. are the very people for the purpose."

The lady made a note of the name on Buckles' own blotting-pad. Then she looked up and said, with an air of decision:

"If you are to be a bidder for the business, Mr. Drummond, and such I understand to be your intention, I think it will be better that your offer should come from the outside. If I determine to sell I shall advertise publicly—then all applicants will have an equal chance."

"Do you mean, Madam," cried Drummond, amazed, "that I am dismissed?"

"I should not give it so harsh a name," replied the lady quietly, "but it seems to me better that you should withdraw until I have quite made up my mind what course to pursue."

"But—but, there are many intricate accounts that I should like to explain to Mr. Spaulding when he is going over the books."

"You have had charge of the books, Mr. Drummond, and I am confident that they were correctly kept, so they will need no explanation. Would you kindly send in your account of any moneys owing to you, as soon as possible, and ask Mr. McFarlane to come to me?"

The crestfallen Drummond did as requested, and shortly after McFarlane made his bow.

"Mr. McFarlane," began the lady, "I understand that things have not been going on so well as could have been wished for some years past in this establishment. What, in your opinion, is the cause?"

"—I COULD GUARANTEE YOU AN ANNUAL PAYMENT"

"That I am scarcely in a position to say, for my situation here has been a subordinate one for several years."

"If you were made manager of the concern, then, you would have nothing new to propose?"

"I did not go so far as to hint that."

"If you were placed in charge, along what lines would your first efforts run?"

"I think the efficiency of the staff might be improved, and I should make it my duty to see that the conduct of affairs was honest."

"Has dishonesty been rampant heretofore?"

"I have only my own suspicions," replied the cautious McFarlane.

"Do you know a firm of accountants called Spaulding & Co.? What is their standing in the commercial world?"

"I know little of them, except that Mr. Spaulding is a particular friend of Mr. Drummond."

"I see. Can you give me the name of a firm whose reliability is beyond question?"

McFarlane named several, and the lady made notes of the suggestions.

"I propose," she continued, "to have a balance-sheet struck, and find out exactly where we stand; then I shall be in a better position to determine what it is best to do."

"A very good resolution," commented McFarlane.

"I shall be obliged to you if you will resume your old position of manager, and, although the task may be temporary, there can be no objection to your injecting as much honesty as you please into the conduct of affairs."

The ghost hovered about amazed at the decisive conversation which had taken place, striving to interfere, but continually baffled by being brought face to face with the fact that the world he was in held no communication with the world he had left. The qualities exhibited by his wife were a complete surprise to him, and his forebodings regarding the future of the business he had built up were gloomy in the extreme. He was indignant when, a few days later, Drummond sent in a bill which indicated that Buckles was heavily indebted to his servant. He endeavored to cry out against the absurd fraudulency of this claim, but, as before, was powerless. None of his imaginings in life had anticipated a Hades so terrible as this. His wife, however, pigeonholed the Drummond exaction with great nonchalance, paying no immediate attention to it beyond a half audible remark which made the unfortunate ghost wince—"My husband never knew whom to trust."

When the accountant's statement was submitted there was a conference between Mrs. Buckles and her new-old manager. She handed the documents to him without a word, and waited in silence while he minutely examined them. When, at last, he looked up from their perusal she said to him:

"What do you suggest?"

"I suggest the immediate arrest of Mr. Drummond."

The lady smiled. "Where will the police be likely to find him?" she asked.

"Is he not at his own home?"

"He left for parts unknown three days ago; I fear some hints concerning the outcome of this investigation have fallen in his way. It is difficult to keep a secret when it is known to several *men*."

"Did you make no effort to stop him?"

"Why should I? He is good riddance, and we are well quit of him. I should have been a richer woman to-day if he had decamped years ago, but now, with a competent manager, Mr. McFarlane, we shall soon retrieve the past."

"It is not your intention, then, to sell the business, as has been rumored?"

"Such never was my intention."

And so the poor ghost was doomed to wander about, seeing all his predictions falsified. That deserter—Prosperity—returned, and the business, under the firm hand of his wife, assisted by the conscientious, outspoken McFarlane, advanced to its former place in the commercial world, and even surpassed it. Finally, a sense of deep humiliation came to Buckles' ghost, and he said wearily, "I have been a fool."

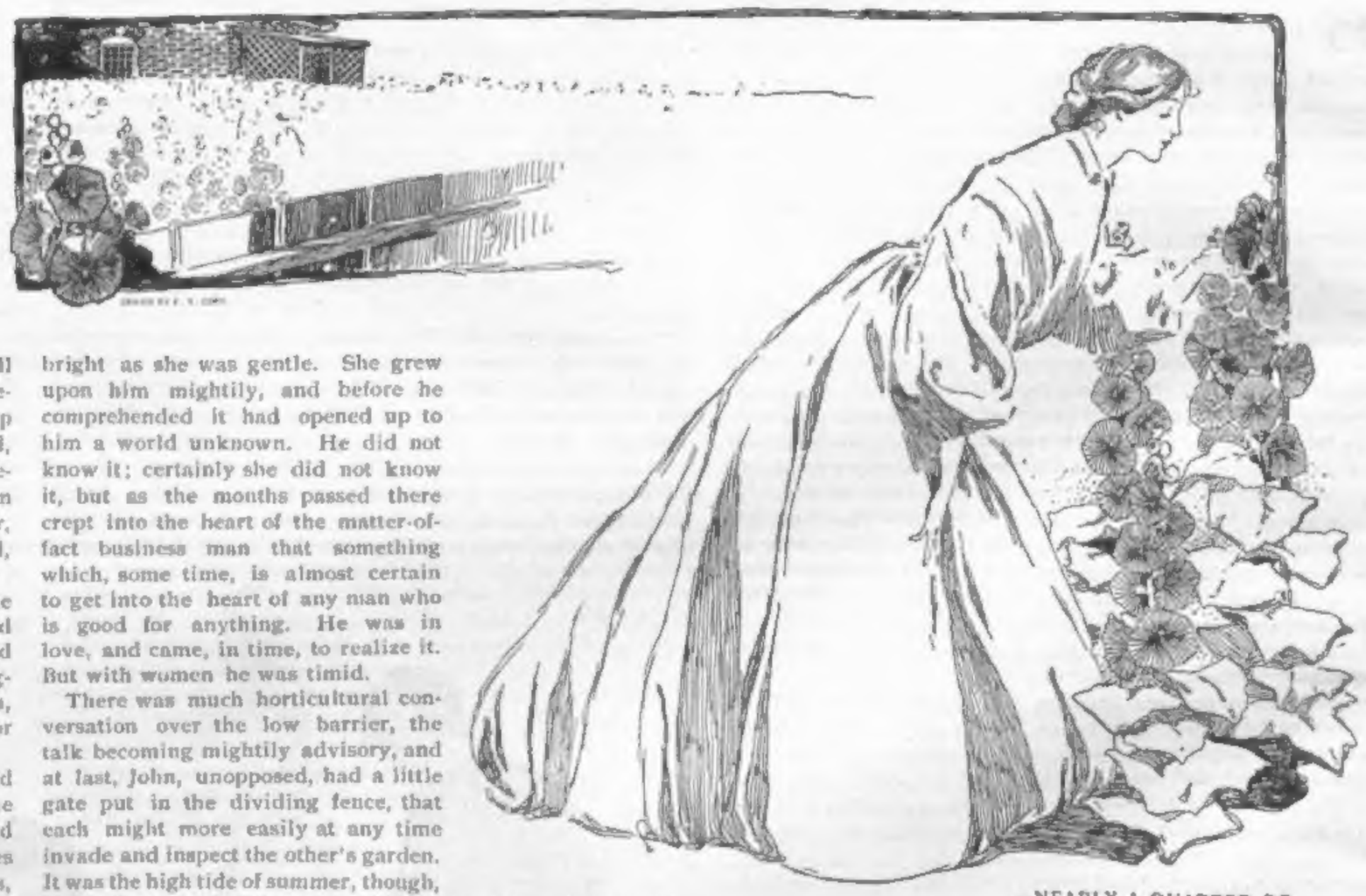
When this confession was wrung from him he felt a light touch on his shoulder, an astounding sensation! for, heretofore, nothing so material had been experienced; he had passed through all obstructing objects as if they had not existed; they did not belong to his world, and if he could not influence them neither could they influence him, so the touch on his shoulder startled him. Turning quickly round he beheld standing there a radiant being, enshrouded in a glow of white light, dazzling to look upon.

"Come," said the Angel, "your period of probation is ended."

THE BLACK HOLLYHOCK

How It Grew in the Garden of John Peyton to Blossom in the Heart of Marcia Newell

By STANLEY WATERLOO



—NEARLY A QUARTER OF AN ACRE OF THEM!

THE main street of Stanton Center climbed the hill with a purpose, losing houses all the way, but retaining its plank sidewalks stubbornly until the top of the last knoll was reached. There it came to an end, and there, facing the world and closing up the wide, tree-fringed avenue, stood two cottages, one white with green blinds, the other brown and without any blinds, for its owner, John Peyton, wanted all the light there was in the world, all the time, he said.

In the Iroquois County bank, downtown, John Peyton, the bank cashier, was decidedly a personage. There, behind the low railing within or in front of which the embattled farmers stood negotiating loans or paying notes with grudging, clinging hands, there, at his desk, John Peyton, though as mild-mannered a man as ever refused a discount or sent a paper to protest, was something of a terror.

It was at his home on the hill that Peyton literally flowered out and showed the quality of person existing beneath the business crust. About the brown cottage, in front of it and lining and leaning against the picket fence, were companies and platoons of poppies, sunflowers, dahlias, hollyhocks, balsams and phlox. Old-fashioned, these, and of a certain military cast. There was no lack, though, of the garden's lowly favorites, those which grow near the earth, and Peyton could show violets, pansies, ground pinks, and brilliant clinging things when he chose to show a visitor about.

Some of the townspeople thought Peyton's garden "a little too showy," but his neighbor of the white cottage was not in accord with the passing critics. There were no two sides to Miss Marcia Newell. She was like some fair fruit which has ripened equally all round in the sun of perpetual prosperity and the tempered shade of healthful occupation. No one could be afraid of her; not even the brigand robins, plunderous among her cherries and strawberries, showed disturbance when her pink sunbonnet appeared up the white-graveled pathway which led around the house to the kitchen-garden, where a few cherry, plum and apple trees stood among the growing lettuce, tomatoes, peas, and all the humble vegetables destined to make the table richer. She was a loving and most lovable spinster.

Miss Newell, with a legacy, had bought the white cottage on the hill when it was new, and, a year or two after she had settled herself in her home and made friends with all outdoors, John Peyton had purchased and taken up his residence in the brown cottage adjoining on the right.

They became acquainted rapidly, and on the side of Peyton, at least, the acquaintance deepened into a degree of interest. He, who had cared little for women, soon became a close friend of one with whom it was worth while to talk, one as bright as she was gentle. She grew upon him mightily, and before he comprehended it had opened up to him a world unknown. He did not know it; certainly she did not know it, but as the months passed there crept into the heart of the matter-of-fact business man that something which, some time, is almost certain to get into the heart of any man who is good for anything. He was in love, and came, in time, to realize it. But with women he was timid.

There was much horticultural conversation over the low barrier, the talk becoming mightily advisory, and at last, John, unopposed, had a little gate put in the dividing fence, that each might more easily at any time invade and inspect the other's garden. It was the high tide of summer, though, before Peyton noted the persistent and careful work of his fair neighbor over a triangular patch of ground which seemed to be devoted to hollyhocks entirely. Meanwhile, that twitching at his heart did not subside. He resolved desperately. There came a Sunday.

On this Sunday morning Miss Marcia tripped forth from her cottage at the stroke of the first bell from the church, and John, not at any time entirely oblivious to the proceedings next door, strode swiftly after her.

"That is a beautiful pansy you're wearing," commented Peyton, when he had overtaken the lady and the two had exchanged good-mornings.

"Cling-cling! Cling-cling!" said the bells.

Somehow the bells disturbed Peyton and interfered with the force of his resolution. Miss Newell glanced up at the figure walking sedately by her side and her eyes rested upon another notable pansy held forth to her as if to challenge comparison with the one she wore in the bodice of her charmingly demure gown of gray and snowy white.

She took the flower from her bosom and held it out:

"Yours is the larger," she admitted, "but isn't mine the more beautifully colored?"

John could not choose between the two, and said so manfully, but he could not doubt which was more fortunate in the matter of ownership, and so begged his companion to take his flower and wear it with her own, "just as company for each other," he explained.

Here came woman's little criss-crossing with a man with whom she is intimate and whom she likes. The lady made comment calmly:

"The pansy is the one flower which appears best when alone." She held out the two triumphs to study their effect together. "It is because each pansy is, in itself, a study in wondrous form and color. Each pansy is perfect alone. It gains nothing and lends nothing by companionship." Then a slight color came into her delicate cheeks. "It is a sort of an old maid of flowers," she concluded.

"Cling-cling! Clang-clang!" rang the bells.

The woman pinned both blossoms upon her dress, and by this time the two hill-dwellers were at the church door.

John Peyton was past his youth. He was a clear-headed man of business. It was hard for him to distract his mind entirely from the bank. He was wont, despite himself, when he sat in any quiet place, to see bared to that inward gaze which reveals so much to certain men, bank-notes in packages, and heaps of shining gold and silver. But to-day as he sat in the shadowy church, before the organ began its tremulous invocation, the man saw rising before him dreamily the faces of pansies without number, each distinct, alone, individual, yet making, in the aggregate, a mass of royal color. A glow came to his heart as, with the opening anthem, he rose to his feet and realized where he was. He knew that he had changed.

So there had been no proposal that day. The resolve of the morning had borne no fruitage. There had, however, been made the first advance of a sentimental nature. Thenceforth, every Sunday morning, John Peyton sent over to his neighbor the most alluring pansy he could find in his garden, and every Sunday she wore it to church upon her bosom.

A few days after this—to Peyton—eventful Sunday he stood, as usual, by the little gate, discussing some gardening problem with his friend, when it occurred to him to ask her why she lavished so much care upon her plot of hollyhocks? To his surprise she colored deeply.

"I—I didn't mean to say anything about it," she said hesitatingly, "but I suppose I may as well confess. I have been foolishly ambitious. I wanted to do what no one else has done. I wanted to produce a wonder—a black hollyhock. I've tried, oh, so hard! but year after year I fail."

Peyton looked down upon her pityingly. "Are there no black hollyhocks?" said he.

"A really and truly black one is unknown," was the reply, "but I feel sure there could be one, a coal black one; and wouldn't it be fine to be its originator!"

"And what a beautiful name it would have," commented Peyton laughingly. "Think of the 'Marcia Newell' in a florist's catalogue! Why, should you succeed, you'll associate with me no longer. You'll be too proud and haughty."

"But I shall not succeed. I am utterly discouraged. I shall try no more!"

The man felt something even tighter than usual about his heart. Miss Marcia was almost in tears. It was inopportune, but he could not resist the temptation to risk all at the moment, to put his fate to the test and take the consequences, however rueful. It was a reckless proceeding, for Miss Marcia's thoughts were far from love. She was perfectly unconscious of the mighty emotions she had aroused in her neighbor's heart. Nothing had she dreamed of what months had done to the lonely bachelor who now leaned over her with earnestness in every line of face and figure. It was a forlorn hope, and Peyton felt it, but he went bravely forward.

"Miss Newell," he said impetuously, "I love you. I don't deserve such a one as you, I know, but will you not marry me? Don't—don't be too quick to refuse. Only think of it."

He stopped suddenly, for he saw defeat in the flushed, surprised face before him. The lady was not thinking of hollyhocks now. Her thoughts had been distracted with a vengeance! In her countenance even a sort of amusement struggled with embarrassment and concern over the man's manifest distress.

There was silence for a time. The bees hummed, a thrush trilled from an elm in an adjacent clover field, crickets were chirping in the grass, but Miss Newell made no sound. She stood twirling a flower in her hand and looking down at the pointed toe of her thick-soled little boot as it peered out from beneath her gown. Finally she looked up, blushing still more deeply, and smiling.

"Nonsense!" she said. "You want to spoil it all—our friendship, I mean."

John's look of misery deepened. "Will you give me no hope at all?" he pleaded.

The demure woman was quick-witted and she had a sense of humor. There flashed upon her a way out of the dilemma:

THE BEST GARDENER OF THEM ALL

"If you will do one thing—if you—when you raise a black hollyhock," she said at last—and she laughed merrily as she finished—"then—well—then we'll see about it." Thoroughly convinced was she that a black hollyhock could never be produced!

Peyton was transported. "I'll try!" he said.

"Grown in your own garden, remember," Miss Marcia stipulated hurriedly, alarmed now at her own recklessness, and still more at the expression on Peyton's face.

"Of course," assented John, and then Miss Marcia remembered something in the house that must be attended to at once.

Fall swiftly passed, and winter, and never a word was said between the neighbors regarding the compact made. Everything went on just as before. Their friendly talks included the good-natured gossip of the little city, the new books, the magazines and, above all, there were, along during February and March, long and animated discussions over the various catalogues and garden books in which the raising of highly-colored and monstrous specimens of the floral and vegetable world was made to appear the easiest thing imaginable—but they invariably skipped the hollyhock pages in these alluring publications.

But far from idle during the winter months had been John Peyton! He purchased books on floriculture until he had amassed almost a library of such works. He read but little else. He exchanged letters widely with famous cultivators, and made a trip to the big city, where he haunted the greenhouses and had long talks with those who had succeeded in producing new chrysanthemums and other floral marvels. He had chats with his Congressman concerning that gentleman's reëlection, and, through him, even interested the Department of Agriculture and had much correspondence with the scientists of that branch of the public service. He dealt with noted seedsmen. Out of business hours he was a loving monomaniac, a man with one idea.

By midsummer Peyton's garden presented nearly its usual appearance at that season of the year, save that there were twice as many growing hollyhocks as ever before, and the townspeople anticipated a bursting forth of many colors when all should be in flower. They were grievously disappointed. The hollyhocks bloomed, bloomed gloriously, but each one, double or single, was of the deepest crimson, with the exception of one little group, where the blossoms were such an uncanny gray that they called to mind November. Peyton had done his best; he had obtained the seeds concerning which most had been guaranteed; he had attended the plants faithfully, and fed them with strange and varied composts and waterings of dark liquids commended by the scientific. And this was the result. Peyton was not dissatisfied. He had made a beginning.

Miss Newell noted all—she could not help it—and she thought much, half laughingly and half pityingly. But no word ever passed between the two concerning hollyhocks.

A year passed swiftly. Again Peyton's garden flourished, and in it were more hollyhocks than before. He had kept up his correspondence and his study, and was full of new ideas which he carried into practice in his cultivation. Again the hollyhocks bloomed and the crimson upon some of them had perceptibly deepened. The man was satisfied. He thought of Jacob and his patience.

Miss Newell saw as before, but she no longer laughed. She could not quite analyze her feelings.

The third year saw Peyton's garden utterly transformed. There were in it only hollyhocks and sunflowers, the latter forming a golden hedge about the others. Peyton explained to his friends that it was the gratification of a fancy: he wanted to experiment with a color contrast. The flowers bloomed luxuriously in their season and were beautiful, but among them all was not one of a deeper crimson than had been produced the year before! The limit of their darkening seemed reached. Peyton's heart sank.

Miss Newell was becoming thoughtful. She bore herself most kindly toward Peyton in all their talks together.

As for Peyton, he was gloomy. The wrecking of his hopes affected him both mentally and physically. He needed rest and change of scene and aim, and he resolved upon a trip abroad. Better, he thought, to suffer from unrequited love alone, than suffer, too, the disappointment of unrequited effort. Why trifle with Nature, anyhow! Why not let her mix her own clear colors, with never an obtrusion of brown, gray or black to make discord in a perfect harmony? He arranged for a long vacation and bade Miss Newell a somewhat tremulous good-by. She parted from him gracefully, but cried a little afterward.

—AT THE STROKE OF THE FIRST BELL FROM THE CHURCH

A sea trip may do wonders for a man. Peyton had not been three days on the ocean before he felt the cobwebs going from his brain. He saw the bearings of all things clearly. Toward the "girl he'd left behind him" he felt no less tenderly, but he was becoming optimistic now, and was going to have her, anyway! Besides, might not a black hollyhock be even yet a possibility? He would amuse himself in Europe by consulting the greatest flower breeders, and perhaps he might learn something new and efficacious toward his end. He carried out his ideas enjoyably throughout six health-giving, inspiring months and returned to his home in April clear-faced and almost burly of figure. He was in admirable form.

He found Miss Newell looking a trifle pale as she moved about in her outdoor domain and he gazed abashed from her garden, already put in trim, to the unsightly weeds of his own neglected place. As he bade his neighbor good-evening he had an unmistakable look of determination.

Miss Newell was soon edified. Peyton's garden was laid out with its former neat precision, and from it no old favorite was excluded—with one exception. There was not a single hollyhock! Miss Newell wondered. Had he abandoned hollyhocks? Again she cried a little.

But there was more to come. Peyton's vegetable garden, in the rear of the house, was a large one. Now it was all plowed deeply and the earth was made smooth and mellow to the sun by men with rakes, and then fertilized with utmost care. This done, the whole area was devoted to hollyhocks, nearly a quarter of an acre of them!

Miss Newell's spirits rose again; her cheeks bloomed, and there returned to her a most becoming plumpness.

Three-fourths of his time at home Peyton labored in his back yard. Never before had flowers been given such attention. The floral wisdom of two continents was being lavished on their welfare. When the time came they burst into bloom by hundreds at a time.

As for Miss Newell, who saw and comprehended all, who shall describe her soft emotions? She thought of the faithfulness of the man, of his manly delicacy in never referring to their compact throughout the long five years, of his patience, pluck and hopefulness in striving for the possibly unattainable—and all for love of her! Her heart was full. She was in love with him now, deeply in love with him, and she admitted it to herself without reserve. Is it fair to reveal a gentle maiden lady's inmost thoughts? She wanted to become his wife.

One day in July John Peyton went through his back garden slowly, scrutinizing every flower among the deeply colored host. He selected one at last, wrapped it carefully in tissue-paper and carried it to his front porch, where he seated himself and then gave to the blossom close inspection. The result was to bring an odd look upon his face. The flower was dark, dark as the darkest petal of the darkest pansy, but it was not entirely black. The man's look remained a while, but there came with it one of set determination. He returned the blossom to its tissue wrapping, then walked resolutely over to his neighbor's house and met her in her little parlor. He said not a word, but opened the paper and put the flower in her hand. She blushed furiously, regarded it intently and tears came in her eyes. She said nothing at first, then, laughing and crying together, turned bravely, looked up into Peyton's face and put her hand in his:

"No, John, it isn't black, but—dear John—it is black enough!"

—OFFERED HIM A BERTH AS WHEAT BUYER FOR THE FIRM

THE RUN ON THE LUMBERMEN'S NATIONAL

How the blunder of a cashier with a talent for panics precipitated a flurry that fluttered more hearts than those of the bank directors

By Joseph Blethen

IN ALL probability the run saved the Lumbermen's National from an assignment, since it awakened the directors to the falling financial barometer and enabled them to prepare for the approaching storm. The bank was but four years old when the run occurred; yet it had reached the dignity of two deposit ledgers, and rode in safety the storm of the next twelve months which saw the end of several banks older and more heavily capitalized.

To Ben Harris, who kept Deposit Ledger No. 1 (A to L inclusive), belongs the credit of sounding the first note of warning and of calling attention to the lamentably serious blunder of the cashier, which was the immediate cause of the run. But it is improbable that even Harris would have recognized the symptom if he had not been worried for months, a protracted case of the blues making him see an impending yet nameless calamity, never present but always due to-morrow. The grind of the money mart was depressing to Harris. He could not keep up his courage under it. Besides, he had a calling acquaintance with the president's daughter, and he could not quite see how the course of true love could run smoothly for Deposit Ledger No. 1, Lumbermen's National, and the daughter of the president of that same institution. Thus his mind was tuned to receive the minor chords in the quickstep of the business world, and he caught the tone while others heard only the usual air.

To this despondent mood of Deposit Ledger No. 1 may also be traced the events which stopped the run. This very pessimistic turn of mind led Harris to find great mental stimulus in the companionship of Charles Toole, junior member of a strong firm on the Stock Exchange, a young man who lived in the touch and go of the business world, and who would have enjoyed the life and riot of a panic simply because under such conditions there are things doing. Toole was optimistic, and enjoyed to-day with no thought of to-morrow. The friendship of these two opposite natures was genuine, and it saved the bank from destruction.

Charley changed Ben's gloomy thoughts to unprofitable brooding over the banker's daughter, and he urged his companion to press his courtship and arrive at results. "You can't do business on expectations, Benny," Toole would say. "The man who has a carload of wheat coming in can't sell it till he has the bill of lading, but the man with a pocket full of elevator receipts can go on the Board and be sure of some attention. You get an engagement ring on that girl's finger and papa, the president, will give Benny a chance to earn the salary necessary to support her."

But the deposits in the Lumbermen's National continued to shrink and Ben's courage to drop. Work inside the bank became so light that Ben was glad to help the collector list checks just to keep busy. In vain did Toole tell him of the money piling up in other banks to the credit of the wheat men, for summer was at hand and the traders were selling elevator wheat and piling up their money against the gathering of the fall crop. Toole's firm had nearly $250,000 in cash in the Traders' National and their greatest worry was that it must lie idle for three months. With a big crop to be handled that fall, and ready money to handle it, the grain men saw no calamities for themselves in the threatening money stringency.

The Lumbermen's National had become noted in its short life for its sound management. President Hayward directed the bank in person, and the Board of Directors were men of solid, conservative standing. Very little discretion was left to the cashier, who found his office one of little responsibility on loans and discounts, and of little office work with the bank's efficient corps of clerks. Perhaps that lack of pressure allowed him to become careless, for it was careless to open on a Monday morning with barely his legal reserve of cash on hand and wait till a heavy jolt from the clearing house at eleven o'clock awakened him to his needs. For then came the blunder that caused the run.

The cashier, when the clearing house clerk had returned with his disquieting report, sent Deposit Ledger No. 2 around the corner to the Traders' National, where the Lumbermen's National reserve fund was on deposit, with a check to draw $10,000 in currency and return with it for the paying teller's needs. Ben Harris and the clearing house clerk began sorting the clearings and proving the indorsements thereon as a preliminary to the proving of signatures and amounts by the paying teller. While so engaged the paying teller came around to Ledger No. 1.

"What's Jamison's balance?" he asked.

Harris looked quickly and replied, "$5200.92."

Then, while the teller was paying Mr. Jamison the $5000 that his check called for, the cashier seized a blank, drew another check on the Traders' National and told Ben Harris to run for the money.

"The teller won't have enough cash for that line at his window," said the cashier nervously as he handed Harris the check.

Harris had noted Mr. Jamison's entrance to the bank, because he was accompanied by a man named Lotson, a stockbroker known on the local exchange as a bear. As Jamison presented his check Ben jumped at the conclusion that it was to go to Lotson for a plunge on something. Lotson leaned on the glass by the teller's window, languidly watching the men inside. But when he saw the cashier draw a check on the Traders', heard him commission Harris to haste with the money, and saw Ben's troubled look, his eyes brightened and a faint smile played over his hard mouth. Ben, looking up with the check in his hand, caught the eye of the stock gambler, and felt a blush of confusion go over his own face.

"FOUR BITS A TRIP"

Trapped! Caught short of funds by Lotson! It meant that the man would run on 'change and proclaim that the Lumbermen's was drawing on its reserve. And that, Ben foresaw, meant a run on the bank.

Ben Harris delivered the currency to the cashier and then went to the telephone, called Toole and made an appointment for luncheon. He felt utterly unnerved and he wanted to lean on his accustomed source of encouragement. Ben's depression was increased by the fact that the president, the cashier and the teller were evidently distressed by the heavy draft made on the bank by that morning's clearance. Ben wondered what they would think if they knew of Lotson's gleaming eyes.

At lunch Harris frankly told Toole what had occurred. Toole hurried back on 'change, promising to call Harris at the bank and report on Lotson's doings.

"Lotson's making a house-to-house canvass and having a heart-to-heart talk with the Philistines," reported Toole over the wire. "The Lumbermen's National isn't being complimented in the least, either."

Then Ben Harris laid aside his musings and became a man of action. Calling the treasurer of a secret order to which he belonged, Ben told him to come down to the bank and draw out the funds belonging to the order. Then he went into the president's room and told all that he had seen, suspected, heard and done. From the drawing of the check by the cashier in Lotson's presence to his own tip to the treasurer of the secret order, he told the story in detail.

"I suppose that means my resignation, sir," said Harris frankly in conclusion.

"It surely does, yet I admire your course in warning your fraternity." Then the president called the cashier and had Ben repeat his story. The cashier was disquieted at his own blunder, and had nothing to say in justification. He admitted that he had carelessly allowed his cash to run short, but ridiculed the idea that Lotson could start a run. That fired the president.

"It's a dead sure thing, that run," said Mr. Hayward indignantly. "Lotson will work all the afternoon and all night to produce it. And all he needs to do is to tell over and over that we are down to our reserves. There's nothing starts on smaller provocation than a run on a bank, and once started there's nothing that can take care of itself half so well. A run on a bank is nothing else than the personification of a rumor. Then the president went down to the exchange building and went on 'change to see for himself. On his return he sent notices to the Board of Directors for a meeting that evening.

Ben Harris drew his own savings, totaled his deposit ledger, checked with the teller and walked out of the bank. The very momentum which the incipient run had attained in his own mind gave him a feeling of elation. He went straight to Toole's office.

"Your run is due at ten to-morrow," was Toole's greeting. "All 'change is talking Lumbermen's National."

Ben told his friend just what had occurred at the bank. Charley became quite indignant and said that the cashier was the man who should go. "Do you know Peadee, the big timber man? He is a director in both the Traders' and the Lumbermen's. Let's go across the street to his office. I want him to know this." The impulsive wheat trader led the way and was promptly admitted to the presence of Peadee, the lumber king of Puget Sound.

Mr. Peadee, whose trade-mark "Pd" was on many branches of the local commercial community, had already heard the rumors about the Lumbermen's National, and had received a request by telephone to be present at the directors' meeting that night. When he had heard Ben's story the grizzled lumber king was most indignant. "That chump of a cashier isn't fit to make out pay checks in a shingle mill!" was his exclamation. "Hayward should have watched the cash at a time like this, when money is disappearing like snow before a Chinook. It means a run, sure." "We have ample securities, but a man couldn't turn over a cargo of diamonds just now without a little time. But the worst danger is that a bad run would spread; then all the banks in the city would suffer."

"Of course the clearing house would stand behind the Lumbermen's and tide 'em over," said Toole, throwing a hint to hear Mr. Peadee's comments.

"More likely some of us stockholders will have to take the bank's securities and lend 'em the cash," replied Peadee. "The bank is solid as a rock. There isn't another bank of its size west the mountains that's in better shape than the little Lumbermen's National. She will weather any panic if her officers can manage to keep reasonably awake. But that cashier seems to have a talent for panics that would be more useful in a presidential convention than in a bank."

When they went out both young men knew that the cashier would not survive that directors' meeting.

Charley Toole, being a member of a big firm on 'change, belonged to a club; Ben Harris, being only a bank clerk, did not. So Charley asked Ben to go to his club for dinner and a chat. Ben was glad to accept, and Charley found him better company than he had been for months.

After dinner, in the billiard-room, a young man approached Ben and asked him something about the bank. "I believe I'll draw my little wad to-morrow," said he, looking very much troubled. "Heard about you being short on cash. Hope it will hold out till I get to the window."

Charley, seeing the confusion on Ben's face, replied to the club member: "That bank's all right, Foster. I wish I had a hundred thousand in it."

"Do you?" replied Foster quickly. "I wish you had my one thousand."

Toole looked him in the eye, his trader's blood mounting. "Have you a thousand in that bank?"

"Yes. Certificate of deposit."

"I'll give you nine hundred for it." Then, as Foster looked puzzled, he added: "I'll make it nine hundred and fifty."

As Foster stood silent, considering this most unexpected offer, Toole whirled on Harris. "There you are, Benny.

Same old story. Dead anxious about that money till some one offers it to him, then he doesn't want it. A man could take a hundred thousand dollars into that crowd to-morrow and stop the run by just that little play."

"Could he?" demanded Ben, the brilliant hope of the idea shining in his eyes. Charley caught Ben's thought and his own enthusiasm reflected the look. To Ben it meant salvation for the bank; to Charley it meant a whirl of action for a few hours with several thousand dollars profit at the end. And the more Charley thought of it the better the scheme looked. There was Peadee's statement that the bank was solid, and that he would help it. There was the $250,000 lying idle in the Traders' National to the credit of Toole's firm. Why not take it and set it to work for one day at least?

"Ben, if I can get the old gent's consent we'll do it," and the two raced away to a telephone.

The "old gent" was Toole's pater, who was head of the firm, which consisted of himself and two sons, Charley being the younger. Charley telephoned the paternal home with only fair success. "You stay right there and I'll have Peadee talk to you," said Charley to his father over the wire. Then he squared his shoulders and began planning.

"Ben, here's the play: We will go to 'Pd' and get him to 'phone the pater that the bank is O. K. Then you write down all the depositors' names you can recall. I will go out to the pater's and from there I will telephone to one or two men who hold certificates. When the pater sees how easy it is he'll turn us loose. Then I'll come down to the office and we will proceed with the evening's entertainment."

To Ben it was most enticing. With Charley's buoyant personality leading it was easy to follow. Ben went to Charley's desk and began writing out Deposit Ledger No. 1 from memory. Now he thanked his stars that slack work had enabled him to work on Ledger No. 2, and on the Certificate of Deposit Record. He was able to name two-thirds of the bank's depositors from memory. Meantime, Charley called Mr. Peadee away from the directors' meeting, which was being held in the Lumbermen's National, and told him the plan. Mr. Peadee smiled and nervously pulled his gray beard.

"My boy, it wouldn't do for me, a director of that bank and a pewholder, to advise two young pirates to go shaving certificates of deposit for the panic-stricken multitude. But," laying his hand on Charley's shoulder, "if you did you would stop that run and teach a lot of fools not to be so quick with their suspicions." Then the great Peadee talked over the wire with such good results that Charley was enabled, without leaving the office, to gain the paternal consent to his plan.

Then commenced a night attack against the impending rush of depositors that will live in the memory of those two youths till their last hour. To one the fight meant the saving of a bank—her father's bank; to the other it meant a fight against time, for all those depositors must be called by 'phone or reached by messenger before banking hours next day. Ben, accustomed to the routine of the money counter, was aghast at the facility of idea, the tact of argument, the speed of execution and the whirlwind of humor displayed by the young stock trader. No wonder such a nature was optimistic, thought Ben. It found an opportunity even in opposition.

Charley pressed a man stenographer into service and to him Ben dictated offers to men who had no telephones. A corps of messengers, hired for the night from a downtown messenger office, flew about the city with the messages under the stimulus of a side offer from Charley of "four bits a trip."

Charley, at the telephone, called for the residences of depositors, and to each man he gave a more or less acute attack of palpitation with his unexpected offers.

"Hello! Is that Smith, J. D.?"

"——!"

"How much you got in the Lumbermen's National?"

"—— —— ——!"

"Well, maybe it isn't. But as there is a run on that bank I thought you might want to sell your account."

"??????????"

"Toole & Sons, Board of Trade."

"——?"

"Yes, we will buy it. How much you got?"

"—— —— ——!"

"Certificates of Deposit for $4000, eh?" Then he would look at Ben for a nod of confirmation. "We'll give you ninety per cent."

"—— ——!!!"

"Yah. That's $3600."

"—— —— ——!!!"

"Oh, well, there are others who are."

"—— —— ——?"

"Well, just as you say. Only, if you decide to sell, be here before nine A. M. or you'll be too late. Good-night."

In the first hour Charley made six compacts to buy at ninety per cent., ten to buy at ninety-two and one-half per cent. and

—POURED OUT HIS WRATH OVER THE WIRE

one at ninety-five per cent. During the second hour he did as well, and several who had declined previously telephoned him for further consultation. Meantime, replies to their written offers began to come in, some proving to be flat refusals to sell, others indicating an intention to be at Toole's office bright and early for a personal chat. By eleven o'clock Charley had called every man who was at home. He then ordered supper and Ben was glad to drop his pencil for a rest.

After supper they figured their promises to be nearly $100,000 and Charley renewed the attack. Many men, who had been absent from home early in the evening, were now reached by 'phone or message and business was brisk for the two young financiers. At one A. M. Ben announced that $207,950 in certificates had been offered for sale, to be delivered by ten A. M., at an average of ninety-two per cent.

"That's all we can do to-night," said Charley. "Some of those will back out, but others will come to time. You say that the bank has only $400,000 in certificates, both time and demand. Well, we may have to buy a few open accounts in order to put our entire $250,000 to work. Suppose we make an average of eight per cent. and turn over the entire $250,000. That's a profit of $20,000. Not bad for an evening's work, Benny."

It was two A. M. before the messenger boys were all in, the replies tabulated and the telephone still. Ben suggested a few hours' sleep, but Charley had one more joke to play. Calling the residence of President Hayward, of the Lumbermen's National Bank, he heard the voice of that tired and much worried man answer him:

"Hello, Hayward? How much will you take for your personal account at the Lumbermen's National?"

"—— ——?"

"Toole & Sons, Board of Trade. I'll give you ninety per cent. of all you've got on deposit there."

"——!! x x!! x x!!!"

Charley, standing at the 'phone, coat off, hat on the back of his head, tired but smiling, held the receiver a few inches from his ear so that Ben could hear the high phonograph-like vibrations of the instrument as the banker poured out his wrath over the wire. It would have been pitiful had not both men felt sure that the run would be short lived and that the bank was safe. Therefore they felt free to go laughing to bed.

Mr. Peadee was at his office at eight the next morning. A clerk told him that there was a crowd waiting to get into Toole's office in the Exchange. Peadee crossed the street to see it, and then remembered Charley Toole's plan. "Well, I'll be jiggered," he thought with a broad grin. "The run seems to be on Toole instead of the Lumbermen's."

At nine there was a crowd before the Lumbermen's National, and when the bank opened at ten the line of depositors waiting to draw out their money was a long one. At ten-thirty Charley Toole and Ben Harris, having taken up their last certificate in Toole's office, went to the Traders', drew the balance of their fund, went to the head of the line and offered the man there ninety per cent. for his account in the bank. The man refused, for he could see the big pile of coin which the directors had provided against the run. The two young men moved down the line, repeating their offer to every one. Thirteen people ignored them. The fourteenth man wavered, and the fifteenth accepted. Ben, who knew him, went into the bank and asked the bookkeeper for the man's balance, returned and reported. Toole counted out the money and cashed the man's check. The sixteenth man wanted ninety-five per cent. and the two buyers passed him by. The next man decided that there was no danger, and quietly slipped away. On down the line they went, making their offer of ninety per cent. for any man's balance, securing some, scaring away many. Meantime, other men, who remained in the line until they found themselves inside the bank, saw the stacks of currency and gold inside and turned back, deciding that their money was safe. In an hour the line was gone, and Charley still had a few thousand left.

Ben volunteered to help the clerks of the Lumbermen's National balance the accounts which Charley had purchased and transfer them to the credit of a new account—Toole & Sons. The acting cashier gladly accepted, and showed his tact by getting Mr. Peadee to persuade Toole & Sons to allow the money to lie in the bank till the directors could realize on securities. But Charley insisted on a contract, signed by Peadee, under which the firm should receive twelve per cent. for the money for that time.

In reporting to his father and brother on the night's work Charley Toole laid great stress on Ben's memory of the depositors' names, and the accuracy with which he had named their balances

"I used just $220,000 of the firm's money," said Charley. "The $16,000 which I made on the turn I have deposited in the Lumbermen's National. But I have divided it into two parts, $8000 to the firm's credit and $8000 to Ben's credit. He will get twelve per cent. on his, too, for three months."

The pater Toole did not question the arrangement. He considered it proper that his son should determine the division of profit on this side play. The firm's money was safe and would be ready for the fall wheat.

Charley's division of the profit was a complete surprise to Ben, who had not thought of such a thing. Moreover, Charley had decided after that one battle in the night that he needed Ben's memory for names, faces and figures. So he offered him a berth as wheat buyer for the firm, and sent him out among the farmers to become acquainted with the prospective crop. While he was gone the Lumbermen's National made the acting cashier a permanent official, and he, in turn, offered to replace Ben at Deposit Ledger No. 1. But Ben's salary as wheat buyer was more than the bank could pay for a bookkeeper.

That fall Ben Harris drove from ranch to ranch and made contracts for wheat, Charley forwarding currency and market tips at agreed places. The brain that had been dulled by the grind of the bank had quickly revived in direct contact with the simple, positive problems of gathering a harvest of grain. When the elevators were full Ben returned to town and found his salary raised to a figure that was a peg or two better than the salary of any bank cashier in the city. Then Ben Harris went to call on a certain banker's daughter, but this time there was no minor chord in the music of his heart; his was the buoyant spirit of a man who had found himself.

—SAW THE STACKS OF CURRENCY AND GOLD INSIDE

THE COPPER KING

The Romance of a Trust

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Joint Author of Calumet "K"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS— Roger Drake, the teller of the story, struggles with poverty in a Western mining town, and forms a strong friendship for George Stanley. Drake returns East to acquire needed technical knowledge of mining and minerals. He falls in love with Adele Broughton, a girl of wonderful beauty, who is a relative of the Stanleys. He at length proposes to her and is accepted. At that moment George Stanley, returning from the West, also reaches the house. In a few days Adele's love seems to cool. Stanley and Drake start for the West together, and begin prospecting at Red City. Near the property of a new-found friend, a settler named Christian Jansen, of whose daughter they have had barely a glimpse at the railway station as she was starting for the East, they discover a copper deposit of enormous richness.

CHAPTER V

I DID not realize until long afterward, until I had grown to know him and his history, what a blow that find of copper was to Jansen. I think I may as well stop here to tell, in a few words, the story which I learned a bit at a time during several years.

He was born in Christiana, Sweden, of good family, and upon his coming to his majority he found himself master of a considerable fortune. The seed of the republican and altruistic ideals sown so widely over Europe during the early days of the century found good soil in him. He thought he saw in America, if not the actual realization of those ideas, at least the promise soon to be fulfilled, so, bringing his young wife with him, he came to the United States, not to seek his fortune as so many regarded it, but to see the first dawning of the millennium. That was along in the later forties. The East was not the ideal land that he had expected to find, so, undiscouraged, he pushed farther and farther West, until at last he made a home in the peaceful valley where we found him.

He was always passionately loyal to his adopted country. When the war broke out he answered President Lincoln's call gladly, fought all through the four years, and then went back to his farm happy in the thought that he had done what he could to bring the reign of peace on earth a little nearer. Another instance of his loyalty was that from the time of their coming to this country he and his wife talked nothing but English, and he told me once that he had never allowed himself to think in anything but English. It was the first language they taught their children.

Our find proved even more valuable than it had looked at first, as of course every one who has ever heard of the Crœsus, as we named it, knows very well. All we had to do was to break the stuff up, load it on small rafts—that was a hint we took from the way Jansen got his wheat to market—and float it down to Red City, where an ore purchasing and refining company took it off our hands, and put our money in the bank. We forgot the future for a while just in the pleasure of seeing that bank account grow.

After the news of our find went down to Red City, of course there was a rush up the river. All the land about our claim was alive with prospectors who bored and bored but found nothing whatever. Across the river, in Jansen's property, prospecting was not encouraged. When the old gentleman found that ferocious signboards were not effectual, he had a man patrol the place with a shotgun.

As to ourselves, when he found that we didn't intend to roast our ores on the place, and that we kept our force of men under good discipline and entirely away from his property, he accepted the situation with good grace and our friendly relations were resumed again.

They were made still pleasanter as the result of a plan which Stanley executed. We took turns in going down to Red City, and one July evening, when he returned from there, he called to me from the river saying that he had a surprise for me. When I came out and looked down at the raft which he and three sturdy laborers had poled up stream that day, I saw Mrs. Stanley and Adele.

I need not try to tell how surprised I was, but the explanation was simple enough. Mrs. Stanley had not been very well during the spring, and George, who said that the dry, cool air of Bent River Valley would be good for her, and that he hadn't seen her much more than to speak to for about four years, suggested that she come out and visit us during the summer, and of course bring Adele with her. When he found out that they would like to come he arranged with Jansen that they should live with him. Altogether it seemed like an ideal arrangement for all of us.

I guess it proved so for them and for Stanley, for they stayed until September, and seemed to be very enthusiastic over the place, and very loth to go. Stanley too was as

—HE LOST HIMSELF IN A KIND OF DREAM

happy as a clam while he was with them, though his good spirits did not hold over very well while he was at work in the mine. But as for me, the long hours I hoped to have, all alone, with Adele didn't come around very often. There was good reason, of course, why I should be held closer to my work than Stanley, for I was the practical man in the partnership, and if I wasn't at hand when a question arose, how to do this or that, there was nobody to settle it. But when I did get off it irritated me to find the circumstances conspiring to prevent my taking Adele away by herself. Stanley, I reasoned, must know how much I wanted her, and his failure to help me fretted me.

When they went away, driven south by the cold of the early September, I felt as badly as though the summer had been to me all I had hoped when they first came.

Much as I hated to see them go I had a feeling that perhaps the mine would prosper better with them away; that even so rich a strike as ours might not go on paying under the half-hearted attention we had given it while they were with us. More than that, I hoped that Stanley and I would get on better now they were away, and that our old friendly feeling for each other would come back.

We did come to an understanding at last. It was the evening after our first light snow fall, and after working around in the slush all day we were both pretty tired. We got through supper without saying a word, and after that he lost himself in a kind of dream before the fire. From the way he kicked the logs every little while I thought it best not to speak to him, so I got out a book on the chemistry of ores, which Fletcher had sent me, and began reading. At last he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and got up.

"Do you know what's the matter with us?" he asked.

"No, but there's something, sure enough, and if you've found it out, let's hear it."

"Well, here's the trouble. We're two young men in a big hurry to get rich. We've got the riches right in sight, just waiting to be carried off, but we're picking away at it in a left-handed, one-horse, narrow-gauge sort of way, as though we had fifty years to do it in. It's enough to get both of us out of patience. The thing to do is to go to work at it on a scale that's worthy of the strike we've made."

"Go ahead," said I. "You're right. But where shall we get the money to put us through?"

"Come, you know that won't be hard," he said a little impatiently. "One of us goes East, incorporates us, and then we float a small issue of bonds——"

"Secured by——"

"Oh, Father has meant all along to give us a lift when the time came. He and some of his friends'll see us through. Trust me for that. Even if it wasn't a sure thing we ought to chance it. Think how the river will play the devil with us if it gets up next March as high as it was last spring, unless we get some more protective work up."

"I agree with you," said I. "One of us has got to go. Which one? that's the question."

He turned away from me, and taking up a fresh log balanced it carefully on the top of the fire. I got up off the bunk and began walking up and down the shanty. Then as my hands found their way into my trouser's pockets I felt the big copper cent Adele had given me.

"Look here," I exclaimed. "Let the coin decide it. If you call it right you go."

He shook his head. "Old man, I hate to be a cad about it, but there's only one way. I know how you want to go, and I swear I wish you could, but don't you see it wouldn't do? You're the man who can run this end of it and keep everything going right, and I think I could get the other part through better than you could. We'd be likely to fail at both ends if we did it the other way."

I knew he was right about it; there wasn't the shadow of an argument against it; but I paced back and forth a half an hour, I guess, before I could get what I wanted to say to my tongue.

"All right," I said at last. "Go in and win; good luck to you."

He held out his hand and I took it. "The sooner the better, I suppose?" he said.

I nodded, and when he asked "To-morrow?" I nodded again.

So the next day he set out for home with some samples of that beautiful ore in his bag. I was to draw up as complete a report on the value of the property as was possible under the circumstances, and send it after him. I said I would go down to Red City about once a month to get the money to pay the men, and that I would time my visits to take in Thanksgiving Day and Christmas. He could write to me, so that his letters would reach town at the same time that I did—the last week in every month. He agreed to that, and then with the prophecy that by spring we'd be working that mine for all it was worth, he went away.

It was pleasanter with Stanley away. There was no doubt of that, so long at least as I could keep from thinking where he was. The men worked better for me than for him; for some reason I have always got on well with my men—particularly with the rank and file, the fellows who get paid by the day. That's not boasting, for I don't know what quality it is in a man that makes his people like him. The worst man I know in business, the greatest rascal, take him at big things or at little, is one of the most successful in dealing with his employees.

However that may be, it makes life a good deal pleasanter if the men who are working for you are doing it with a good will, and I found it so during those snapping frosty November days when we were all doing our best to get things snug and tight and ready for the first norther.

I saw a good deal of the Jansens, for at that time of year a farmer hasn't much to do. The boy, Gus, put in a good deal of his spare time working with us, just for the fun of the thing. He was particularly interested in what little machinery we had. There wasn't much besides our pumping outfit, and I taught him how to use that. He took something of a liking to me, and when I was starting down for Red City along toward the end of the month he wanted to go with me, but his father had something else to do at the time, so he put it off.

I found a letter from Stanley waiting for me at the post office, but nothing from Adele, though as Stanley's letter spoke of her in a matter-of-course way, I knew nothing could be wrong with her.

Things went on after that in a routine way until just before Christmas, when the first of the big winter storms struck us. It made up for being so late by being much more severe than anything that had come along for several seasons, and, well prepared as we thought we were, it played the mischief with our arrangements. What with the days we were storm-bound, and then the time it took to make necessary repairs, it was the first week in January before I started down to Red City. Luckily, as it proved, young Jansen went with me.

Of course when we reached town the first place we went to was the post office. The clerk handed me two letters, and as he did so he said:

"You've come just in time for one of them. I put it in your box not three minutes ago."

The upper one was from Stanley, and from the amount of dust on it, as well as from the post-mark, I knew it had been there some time, so I looked at the other. It was from Adele, and just for an instant I wondered why she had written it then, when she must think I shouldn't be coming for it for about a month. Stanley's letter was barely three lines long; there was just enough to say that everything was going well but that he didn't know when he'd be through; probably not till spring. I wondered a little at that again, and there was some fear mixed up in it that something was wrong. So instead of waiting till we had got to the hotel before reading her letter, I tore it open there in the post office. It was stormy and getting on in the afternoon, and there wasn't much light, so I went over near the window.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 28.

The first word reassured me, for it was a playful little nickname she had made up for me, and it always meant that she was in good humor with me. For the first page or two I saw nothing unnatural about it, but as it went on it sounded less and less like her. It was longer than any other letter she had written me; it was more entertaining, if that is the right word to use, and there were phrases in it that I couldn't imagine her saying, so, as I read on in the failing light, the feeling that had caused me to open it came back, and even before I reached the last paragraph I felt that something was wrong.

The letter was destroyed years ago, but I can remember that paragraph yet almost word for word. "And now, dear," it read, "I must hurt you very much. You mustn't ask me any more when I'll be married. You mustn't even say to yourself that I'm engaged to you, though you can go on being engaged to me if you like. But let me be free and go on thinking about you in the old way, and then, maybe, when you come back I'll be sure, and will agree to be married as soon as you like. But we aren't engaged any more."

I turned back to the beginning of it and would have read it through again, but Jansen took me by the arm. "It's getting late," he said; "the bank'll be closed if we don't go."

So I started along with him and on the way I made my plan. When we had drawn the money I handed it over to him. "Jansen," said I, "I've got to go away. I want you to take this money to your father. Ask him to pay the men, and keep an eye on the place till I get back. And tell him to hire you to run the pumping engine. I'll be back before the end of the month."

He looked at me in amazement, but I hadn't any time to explain. I drew out enough money for my own needs, and by running caught the afternoon train for the main-line junction at Bridgetown. About midnight I was spinning along East again.

So it came about that at a little after four in the afternoon, ten days at least before Adele could have expected me to receive her letter, I rang the Stanleys' door-bell. Adele herself opened the door, and I remember thinking of that as a sort of good omen.

She opened it impetuously, as though she had been expecting some one, and when she saw me she uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise; then as she looked at me and recognized me, in the failing January twilight, she made another little exclamation which sounded more like fear than anything else.

"Is that all my welcome, Adele?" I asked, and then, stepping quickly into the hall I lifted her up in my arms and kissed her.

"Don't," she said breathlessly. "There are people right in the drawing-room. Come—come up to the library."

"That's better," said I, and I followed her up the stairs. I had never before seen her otherwise than perfectly self-possessed, and her agitation seemed to me a good sign, too. When I closed the library door after me I thought my battle would be soon won.

She fumbled about for matches, for the room was darkening, but she could find none, so asked me to make a light.

"This light is all we need, I guess," said I, and I drew her down on the sofa beside me. It was a little while before she spoke, and I could feel her heart beating like mad under my hand. "I didn't know you were coming," she said at last, as evenly as she could. "I wrote you a letter."

"I got the letter. That's why I came to you."

She moved uneasily in my arms and I let her go. "You mustn't do that any more," she said. "We aren't engaged now. I thought you didn't know." She drew a little farther away from me. "What made you do it when you knew we weren't engaged? You had no right to do it. You had no right to come back at all. Why did you come back?"

"I came back to marry you, Adele, to marry you to-morrow, and to take my wife back to the camp with me. I have it all thought out. We can live at the Jansens' until I can get our house ready for you. And then, Adele, and then what a honeymoon we shall have out in the snow!"

But she held her hands over her ears to shut my words out. "Don't talk to me any more," she cried. "You have no right to say such things to me. Oh, you are a coward to say such things!"

"Adele," said I quickly, "you promised once that you would marry me. If you didn't do it in words you did it with your lips. And now you want to throw aside your promise. I will release you. But you must hear my side of it first. Did you think that I would lose the most beautiful woman in the world without a word or a sign, just for a line or two across a bit of paper?"

She shivered as though she was cold, though her hands, when I took them, were burning. I held them in both of mine, and she did not try to get them away. I said nothing more till she was a little quieter. Then I began to talk to her.

I told her that, since I had read her letter, it had been every moment, sleeping and waking almost, in my thoughts; that at first it had puzzled me, as being so unlike her, but that gradually I had come to understand it. I told her that I saw two reasons why she had written that last paragraph, and that the first made me only love her better, and the second made me love her none the worse. I told her what the reasons were, and as I talked her hands relaxed in mine and she let me draw nearer her again on the sofa.

"Have you ever thought, Adele, how short a time we have ever had together as lovers? There were two long years when we saw each other as friends, and thought of each other as nothing more than that. But it was only two short months after that night when you let me kiss you that I went away, and there were few hours in that time that we could call our own. And out at the camp last summer it was much the same. For the rest of the time you have only had my letters, and I couldn't make them carry my love to you. And so, while I was a long way off, you have thought about me as your friend and not your lover, and that has made you doubt yourself, and you were honest enough to tell me so."

She did not answer, but her hands lay contentedly in mine, and seemed to say that I had understood her aright. So I went on more confidently than before: "That was the main reason, I think, but there was another one, wasn't there? I think our little beginning at a mine, with its rough shanties and poor tools, looked to you like poverty, and you are afraid of poverty. You're right to be that. You have never felt it, and it would be terrible to you. But I shall be rich, Adele. I shall not only die a rich man—I shall live a rich man. It may not seem to you that I have got very far along the road yet. Well, I knew what I wanted four years ago, and how to get at it. Every step I've taken since has brought me that much nearer it. You needn't be afraid of poverty, Adele. I know it as well as though I owned a box full of Government bonds to-day. So there are your two reasons answered. It isn't good for us to be apart, and that is why I came back to marry you. Will you do it, Adele?"

"IF EVER I GET YOU UNDER MY FEET . . . I SHALL TRAMP HARD"

We were silent a long while. I was in no hurry for her answer so long as she sat there so quietly and so close to me. At last she started to speak.

But what her answer would have been I do not know, for before she could get out more than a word we heard some one coming up the stairs. Both of us knew who it was.

She shrank away from me, and sat, for just one instant, breathing like a person in terror. Then she turned upon me. "Quick, quick; light the gas," she commanded.

I knew then, as at the bottom of my heart I had known before, that those reasons I had been giving her were hollow as egg-shells, and I knew what the true reason was. I did not obey her, but simply sat where I was and waited. She fumbled over the table for an instant, and then ran to the door, and flung it open just as he was coming down the hall.

"You didn't meet me at the other door, Adele," said he, "but this is——"

"He's come," she broke in hoarsely; "he's in here."

I have sometimes wondered since why Stanley took the course he did; whether he saw from her tear-stained face that I had shaken his hold on her, and thought that the best way to regain it, or whether he hated me because he knew he had dealt with me dishonestly. Anyway, from that moment he was a reckless, defiant enemy.

There was a dead silence for a moment. Then he laughed and said, as much for my ears as for hers: "I didn't know the old snail could move so fast."

Then they came back into the room. He lighted the gas, then turned and looked me over. "I suppose you thought that manner of dress picturesque," he said smiling. I became aware then, for the first time, that I was dressed just as I had been when I started down to Red City. We didn't dress up much to go to Red City, either. I didn't answer the question.

"Well," he said, "that isn't at all what I wish to know. I'd like to know what you are doing here. I left you to look out for some property of mine, and you have come away and left it. Miss Broughton has written you a letter telling you in effect that she no longer cares to have you about, but here you are."

"I'll explain how and why I left the mine when the time comes," said I. "Why I am here with your cousin Adele is, I think, no concern of yours." Then I turned to Adele. "Is it any concern of his?" I asked. "Is there any reason why I owe that explanation to him, more than to any other man?"

She stood between us, biting her lips, looking first at one of us and then at the other, but saying no word to either. Stanley came to her help at last.

"He has no right to question you. You have answered him so far as he is concerned." So much to her; then he turned to me. "Generosity to some people is a great mistake, and you're one of them. It seems that the use you made of the help I gave you was to come here to my father's house and make love to Miss Broughton on false pretenses. You neglected to tell her, I think, that when I picked you up you were a barber."

"You, at least, did not neglect to tell her," said I. Then I said to Adele: "I don't know how many other lies he has told you about me, or how much he has made you believe. If they were true he would have told you a year and more ago. As for himself, you know for how many years he called himself my friend; you know how much each of us had to bind him to loyalty to the other. In these last few minutes, if never before, he's been showing you what his peculiar stripe of loyalty is. I don't know whether he has tried to convince you that he is your lover or not, but if he has, if he's been telling you that he'll be loyal and true to you for always, you'll do well to remember how loyal he proved himself to me."

He broke in on me then, and stormed and threatened and ordered me out of the house, but I would not stir. I kept my eyes on Adele, waiting for her to answer me. She said nothing, so at last I spoke to her again. I told her that I would not give her up; that I believed she cared for me still, that all the evil she thought of me had been put into her mind by my enemy, who while he libeled me to her was writing me letters on terms of friendship. At last I spoke of her own letter to me, and how she had held out the hope in it that she might again be sure she cared for me.

Stanley laughed aloud when I spoke of the letter, and interrupted me. "I wouldn't go into that letter any further," he said. "It was meant to let you down easy; to keep you quiet and out of the way for the time being. It seems it was stupidly done, for it has brought about just what it was meant to avoid."

"You seem sure of your interpretation——"

"I ought to be; I wrote the letter. Or rather, Adele and I made a lark of it, and wrote it together."

"Is that true, Adele?" I asked.

"Yes," she said defiantly; "it is."

I closed my eyes and I could see the picture. The pair of them sitting there at the library table, concocting that letter, weighing its phrases, and calculating them to keep me quiet, and making a lark of it. Then I walked over to the door, and Stanley followed me.

"I want to get clear of you," said I. "You and your lawyer can decide on the best way to do it. He can find me at Fletcher's. I've got that and this much more to say to you. You've been my enemy while you called yourself my friend. You know enough of me, I guess, to know where to count on me. If ever I get you under my feet, and I mean to some day, I shall tramp hard."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

The Waterloo of Husbands

MAN, that "noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave," has been unmasked by the beggarly Panama straw hat. Panama has much to answer for. Not content with harrowing us up for years about an alleged place for a canal, and wearing out our poor Congressmen, she must now send us a treacherous hat to complete our undoing.

The Panama hat has accomplished the downfall of man by the simple process of exposing to woman his hollowness. The situation bears particularly hard on the husband, a patient, long-suffering creature. After having spent years in preaching to his wife about her extravagance, especially in the matter of hats, the Panama, with flattering tongue, has approached him and he has fallen, paying enough for one hat to get his wife a half-dozen, more or less. And then, to complete his ruin, the perfidious Panama has since brought on its poor relations, and they are selling anywhere from $1.25 down to thirty-seven and a half cents. Even the express-wagon horses are wearing Panamas, and a man just returned from a vacation up in New England solemnly tells of seeing a farmer's scarecrow thus arrayed. Truly the Panama "trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition."

All of this would not much matter had not the wives of the Panamaed men taken notice of the whole thing and, as wives sometimes will, spoken of it. What can a husband say for himself? So far there is no record of a husband having said anything. It seems to be one of the times when there is nothing to say. But the number of ladies throughout the country, wives of men misled by the Panama, who have recently blossomed out in hats and bonnets new and obviously expensive, is rather startling even to the most casual observer.

These husbands, though they have said nothing, have paid for these new hats and bonnets. It was undoubtedly the best way out of a very unfortunate situation. With thirty-five dollars invested in a Panama, with the grocery-boy wearing a close imitation which cost ninety-eight cents, and now with a bill for his wife's hat staring him in the face, the plight of the unhappy husband is something to stir pity in every virtuous bosom.

Truly in these days the married state is not a condition to be entered upon thoughtlessly.

Our Unnamed Colony

NOW that we have actually enacted a law, after three-quarters of a century of agitation, providing for the construction of an Isthmian canal by the United States, we are giving most of our attention to the ditch we are about to dig. We do not fully realize that before we get that ditch we shall have something else hardly less important—to wit, a new colony.

The law, as passed, provides that before we begin the construction of the canal we must secure the perpetual, exclusive control of a strip of territory, at least six miles wide, from sea to sea. If that cannot be obtained from Colombia we must try to get it from Nicaragua and Costa Rica. There can be no canal without it.

Now, "exclusive and perpetual control" may sound better in Latin-American ears than "annexation," but in substance it is the same thing. Practically what we propose to do is to annex a strip of territory six miles wide along the line of the canal. On the Panama route that would give us about 270 square miles of land; on the Nicaragua route about 1000. In the one case we should have a colony about four times the size of the District of Columbia; in the other we should have one almost as large as Rhode Island.

This will be the first isolated outpost we have ever planted on the southern mainland of America. With Alaska on the north, it will put a pair of Yankee clamps on the whole continent. It will make the Stars and Stripes more than ever the "American flag," for that will be the flag the traveler will see in every zone of North America, from the steaming swamps of Panama to the ice-bound rocks of Point Barrow. Other countries may be sandwiched in here and there—there may be a wedge of British territory between Alaska and Washington and half a dozen republics between Texas and Panama—but the one universal American Power will be more than ever the United States. There will be inspiration for every patriotic citizen of this republic in merely looking at the map.

It is a satisfaction to feel that the prosperity of our new colony is assured from the start. There will be no hanging around the doors of the Capitol waiting for Congress to perform its "plain duty" in the matter of the tariff. The canal, first in construction and then in operation, will make perennial good times on the Isthmus. The commerce of the world will flow, year by year, through that six-mile strip. American towns will spring up along the great ditch and reach out for the trade of the Southern continent. And on the principle that "to him that hath shall be given" Congress will probably decide to take off the duties on Isthmian sugar. Good luck to the youngest of Uncle Sam's infants!

Perhaps Colombia and Nicaragua and Costa Rica may all refuse to give us that exclusive perpetual concession. But let us hope not. Our new Isthmian colony would be a neighbor for whose presence any Latin-American republic could well afford to give a six-mile strip of land.

A Campaign Against the Tin Can

THERE is great difference in the cost and the noise of civilizing agents, as well as in their effectiveness. The Secretary of War recently informed the Senate that, up to date, the cost of civilizing the Filipinos is $170,326,586. And as for the noise, let nothing be said until the din of court-martials and Department controversies has at least partially subsided!

Contrast the military method of making converts to civilization with another which is possessing the land so quietly that the invasion is almost unnoticed by newspapers and politicians. Certainly the spread of the Improvement Association is one of the most notable movements of the generation in this country.

Already there are 2400 local organizations of this character in the cities and villages of this country, and they are revolutionizing the face of the land. Instead of waging guerrilla warfare on the Filipinos these organizations are engaged in a campaign of extermination against the tin can, the ash-heap and every other unsightly object that disfigures the comeliness of village and city. Whatever makes for comfort, for wholesomeness, for public utility or beauty in community life; whatever promises to reclaim the Waste Places and make them minister to the satisfaction and self-respect of the resident and the delight and admiration of the stranger; is within the scope of the Improvement Association's beneficent mission.

It is well that the American League for Civic Improvement is crystallizing this movement into a national organization and directing its energies in accordance with the modern spirit of system and concentration. Even now the results are of a kind to rejoice the shade of Ruskin and to inspire the hope that the hideous tin can, the unsightly roadside sign and the kindred defilements of the landscape may finally be exterminated.

When All the Air is Cornered

IT IS reported that Professor Moore, the Chief of the Weather Bureau, has invented a cold-air stove which, when charged with certain unnamed substances, will give off from the bottom a constant current of air at about 36 degrees, and keep the room in which it is placed at a temperature of between 60 and 70, no matter how hot the day. The invention comes with particular appropriateness from the Weather Bureau; disappointed so often in not seeing its predictions fulfilled, it has wisely decided not only to promise but to deliver the goods. With all the old ways of warming the air, with the new stove for cooling it and with the National Irrigation Bill become a law, we seem to have the weather at our mercy. There is still excessive rainfall to be contended with, but this is not a common occurrence; besides, there are umbrellas.

The announcement of the cold-air stove is a reminder that never before was the air we breathe so freely tampered with. Is there, soon, going to be any air to breathe? Apparently the cold-air stove does not consume air; it simply cools it; and if we wish we can warm it up again with an old-fashioned stove in the next room. But the manufacture of liquid air uses gaseous air in quantities, and now it is announced that at Niagara Falls it is proposed, with the abundant electric supply, to make nitrates from air for fertilizers and other purposes. It is even predicted that the time is approaching when the wheat fields of the world will be fertilized by nitrates produced directly from the atmosphere.

But to fertilize the wheat fields of the world is going to take up a prodigious quantity of air. Where is the air coming from? Is Nature turning out air all the time, or was the world at the start provided with its air stock, and do we breathe the same air made use of by Adam, with a slight loss of Eden flavor and a touch of soft-coal smoke? If the last is true some genius must soon invent an air-making process, and air plants will have to be set up here and there. The time may even come when we shall get our air from the corner grocery, put up in convenient parcels. But, if the wheat crop is trebled by the air-drawn fertilizers, bread will be cheap and we can afford to buy air. Think, however, of the possibilities of an air trust, or a strike at the air-works!

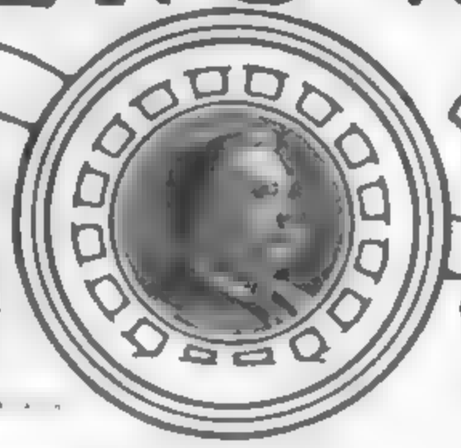
The Autocrat of the Countryside

THE figure of the Country Editor is strikingly individual, uniquely American and one of the most interesting and picturesque to be encountered in the typical rural community of this country. Most of the workers on the big city dailies have had their training in the common school of the country "sanctum," and with one accord these men—envied of their country brethren—confess that the most substantial prize in the field of their possibilities is that of owning a newspaper in some thriving county-seat or prosperous village.

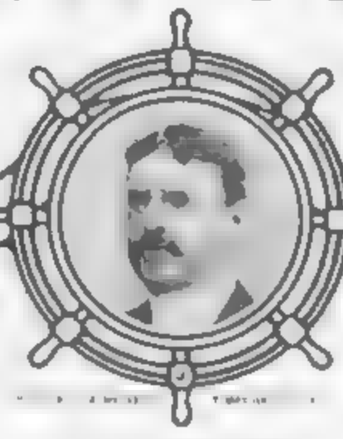
In the mind of the metropolitan journalist this dream stands for solid independence; for the opportunity to be a man with a distinct and recognized identity rather than a mere cog of an intellectual wheel; for the right to live in comfort and increased influence after his legs have become less nimble than those of the latest recruit from college; for the possibility of becoming a powerful and respected factor in the affairs of a community wherein he is known to man, woman and child, who give him honor for the traditions of his profession. It would be comparatively difficult to name, offhand, a dozen men who are helping to make American literature who have not served their apprenticeship in the office of the country newspaper. The ranks of statesmen and politicians are crowded with the alumni of the country "printshop," and a multitude of leaders of men have found that there is no better place in the land for the study of human nature, and for training in the arts of leadership, than the littered and ink-stained sanctum of the country editor.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

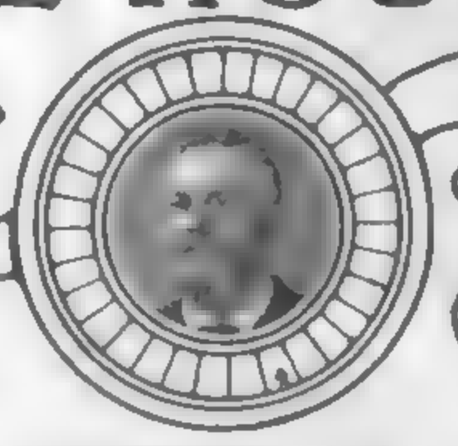
Close Range Studies of Contemporaries



MR. JOHN W. GATES



MR. LEWIS NIXON



COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE

Anecdotal Studies of Three Men Prominently Before the Public. The Story of Lewis Nixon's Early Passion for Shipbuilding; How Much Colonel Pope Paid for His First Bicycle; Where John W. Gates Got the Trick of Fencing in the Bulls

THE old town of Leesburg, Virginia, was still scarred and sore from the Civil War, when, early in 1869, there came an incident that electrified the place. Leesburg was to have a launching. Far inland, with no water way near by, it was yet to see the birth of a new ship. The chief figure at the launching was to be the designer and builder of the ship, Lewis Nixon, eight years old, son of Colonel Joel Nixon, sheriff of the county. For months the juvenile world of Leesburg had known of the forthcoming event. It had watched with bated breath the building of the vessel as it grew under the deft hands of the sheriff's little boy. The adults very foolishly passed it over slightingly. Those of them that heard of it at all sniffed or smiled indulgently. But the youngsters, without exception, realized its importance and made much of it accordingly.

One of the elders there was, though, the builder's mother, who took as keen an interest in the affair as any youngster in the place. When the great day arrived and the builder announced that he was ready to send his ship off the ways, his mother was full of enthusiasm. But then it occurred to her that something to complete the ceremony was missing

An Unsalted Sea Made to Order

"What are you going to launch it in, Lewis?" she asked anxiously. "Where are you going to get your water?"

"Pump it," replied the builder stoutly.

Almost at daylight he set to work. He dammed up the gutter to make one end of his sea, and then applied himself to the pump handle. At breakfast time there was a mighty flood. Tired and perspiring, but happy, knowing his ocean was ready at hand, Lewis disposed of a light meal, and then was back at his task. In the presence of a cheering and admiring company, comprising seven boys and one girl, the great ceremony then came to pass.

The boy boat builder has grown into the great American shipping master. A few days ago he completed the organization of the United States Shipbuilding Company, with a capital of $20,000,000. This company will control the largest plant in the world. Among its properties will be the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco; the Bath Iron Works, and the Hyde Windlass Company, of Bath, Maine; the Crescent Shipyard, and the Samuel L. Moore & Sons Company, of Elizabethport, New Jersey; the Eastern Shipbuilding Company, of New London, Connecticut; the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, of Wilmington, Delaware; the Canda Manufacturing Company, of Carteret, New Jersey, and the Bethlehem Iron Works, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Those who know Lewis Nixon will tell you that this vast enterprise carried through by him is a logical outcome. The passionate love for ships and shipbuilding which manifested itself in his boyhood has controlled his life. It led him, when a lad of sixteen, to make a personal appeal to General Epa Hunton, then representing the Leesburg district in Congress, for an appointment to Annapolis. The General had not been fortunate in some of his previous appointments, and this time he insisted that there must be a competitive examination. In this Nixon easily carried off first honors. He graduated from Annapolis in 1882 at the head of his class, and was sent, on his record, by the United States Government, to the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich, England. He became an instructor in the Navy in 1884. He was deeply interested in the reorganization of the new Navy under Secretary Whitney and had a hand in designing nearly every vessel in the modern fleet. When General Tracy became Secretary of the Navy, Congress made an appropriation for three battleships of ten thousand tons displacement. General Tracy sent for Nixon, who was then only twenty-nine years old. Within ninety days the young constructor had completed designs for the Oregon, Indiana and Massachusetts. The world has since hailed these vessels as wonders of their kind. With only ten thousand tons displacement, it was found that they ranked with the great British battleships of fourteen thousand tons. After the completion of the Oregon, Mr. Nixon resigned from the Navy and went with the Cramps as superintendent of construction. In 1895 he acquired the Crescent Shipyards at Elizabethport, New Jersey, then a very small institution. He doubled the capacity of the yards, and in the last seven years has turned out over one hundred and ten vessels

Colonel Pope's First Bicycle

The newspapers that have been full of Mr. Nixon's latest achievement have told also of another important event in the industrial world—the control by Colonel Albert A. Pope of the American Bicycle Company. This corporation was organized in 1899 with a capital stock of $30,000,000. The companies composing it had produced the preceding year, according to the official figures, nearly 900,000 bicycles.

In the early summer of 1876 Colonel Pope, then a youngster of thirty-three, concluded to take a short vacation. The Centennial was on at Philadelphia and the newspapers of Boston, where the Colonel lived, were full of the big exposition. Being a patriotic American, he concluded to devote his vacation to the Philadelphia liberty convention. About the first thing that struck his eye there was a huge, two-wheeled machine, that mounted a man in a saddle about five feet above the ground. It was an epoch-making incident, though the visitor from Boston little dreamed it, for out of it grew the great enterprise with its $30,000,000 which Colonel Pope is now to control. The machine formed part of an English exhibit. The attendant told the Colonel that it was a bicycle.

"Is it difficult to ride?"

The attendant, bearing none of the fear of the Lord on him, said "No."

The Colonel studied the machine carefully, visiting the exposition several days in succession for the purpose. Then he tried to ride it, and, of course, there was trouble. But the Yankee is naturally intrepid, and though he firmly believed that none but a trained gymnast could ever manage so queer a mount, he persevered until he had a fair mastery of it. Next year he had one of the machines built in Boston under the supervision of an English gentleman who happened to be visiting him. It cost just $313. In England, meanwhile, bicycling had become quite a fad, and believing that it might be made popular here, Colonel Pope sent an order in September, 1877, for a few machines. These he put out through the agency of the Pope Manufacturing Company, then engaged in a small way in the manufacture of minor articles for the shoe trade. It was hard sledding to get rid of the stock, but the Colonel's enthusiasm was now thoroughly aroused and he had fifty of the uncouth bicycles built by the Weed Sewing Machine Company at Hartford. They went somewhat easier, and during the summer of 1878-'9 ninety-two machines were sold. That was the beginning of the bicycle industry in the United States. When the Pope Company was absorbed by the trust in 1899 its factories in Hartford covered fifteen acres of floor space.

The Wire Fence that Gates Built

"San Antone," as the Texan lovingly calls it, is altogether a delightful place, but by no means to be recommended as a summer resort. When the sun settles down to business there in August, paint is apt to peel. The roadways grow into streaks of burning yellow, and the sidewalks almost blister the feet. The wise stranger at such periods hunts a shady spot, and settles down until the evening breezes from the plains cool things off

It was with amazement, therefore, not unmixed with apprehension, that the people of San Antonio, on a certain broiling day in August, beheld a full-favored young man working like a Trojan in the centre of the sunniest plaza.

The spectacle was altogether so unusual that it aroused even the somnolent natives, and from various points of vantage, under the shelter of trees and porches, a considerable number were soon watching him with open-eyed interest. Facing the plaza was the most important hotel of the place, and out of this hotel the tenderfoot carried great bunches of coiled wire with the aid of a protesting Mexican, who did not conceal his general disapproval of such actions at such a time. By and by a small forest of fence posts had grown up on the plaza, and about these the stranger, with the agility of an expert, was soon coiling the wire that he had brought out.

The onlookers stood it as long as they could in their shaded retreats, but after a while the exhibition of energy became infectious, and despite themselves they too were drawn out in the sun in order to get a closer view of what was going on.

"Goin' to fly a balloon, stranger?" one of the Texans finally asked, his curiosity getting the better of his natural reticence

"Nope," came the brisk reply. "I'm down here to sell fence wire, and am stringing it here to show how easy the trick's done."

"Fence wire? For what?"

"Cattle ranges. Greatest thing in the world and the cheapest."

At the word cattle all the Texans pricked up their ears. Most of them in those days—this was twenty-five years ago—depended on that industry for a living, and everything pertaining to it was certain to interest them. It wasn't long before the fence-builder had the better part of San Antonio's population at his heels: ranchmen, cowboys, store-keepers, all were out on the plaza deep in the "demonstration."

Before nightfall enough wire had been sold to fence half the county. The salesman found plenty of time, however, to make himself agreeable to his customers.

The Fence-Builder in Wall Street

This was Mr. John W. Gates, then struggling for a foothold in the commercial world, introducing into the great range country the barbed wire which he had just started to make, and showing the denizens how to fence in their bulls and fence out the bears. To-day he is doing the same trick in Wall Street, and doing it with the same success and energy, fencing in the bulls, fencing out the bears, throwing up his wire nets, and holding the native New Yorkers in a bond of interest similar to that in which he held the Texans. The only difference now is that whenever one of his "demonstrations" is effected, the result is a million, or two million, or three million dollars, instead of a hundred, or two hundred, or three hundred. Otherwise he is still the same breezy, pushing, energetic Gates.

Mr. Gates has had phenomenal success as an organizer. He was born on a farm near Chicago and received a good education. Afterward he engaged in business in various places as a country merchant until his twenty-sixth year, when he settled in St. Louis as the representative of some Cleveland steel and wire mills. A few years later he went into the manufacture of barbed wire. In this he made such a success that a great company, claiming to own the process, began suit against him. He fought the action, but an injunction was secured in the State courts of Missouri, restraining him from continuing the business. To avoid this he moved his mills over night across the river into Illinois. He has always been a fighter, and finally fought the company to a standstill in 1886, when their patents were declared invalid. Afterward he organized into a consolidation all the barbed wire mills that had sprung up, and followed this by organizing first the Illinois Steel Company, later the Federal Steel Company, and then the great American Steel and Wire Company. He is idolized by his friends and is the terror of his enemies. In his career are contained all the elements necessary to a great and strong American novel, including even the shadow of a black crime. His brother, to whom he was devoted, was murdered in Warrensburg, Missouri, in the early seventies, and for twenty-eight years Mr. Gates pursued the alleged murderer until he finally hunted him down in Oklahoma.

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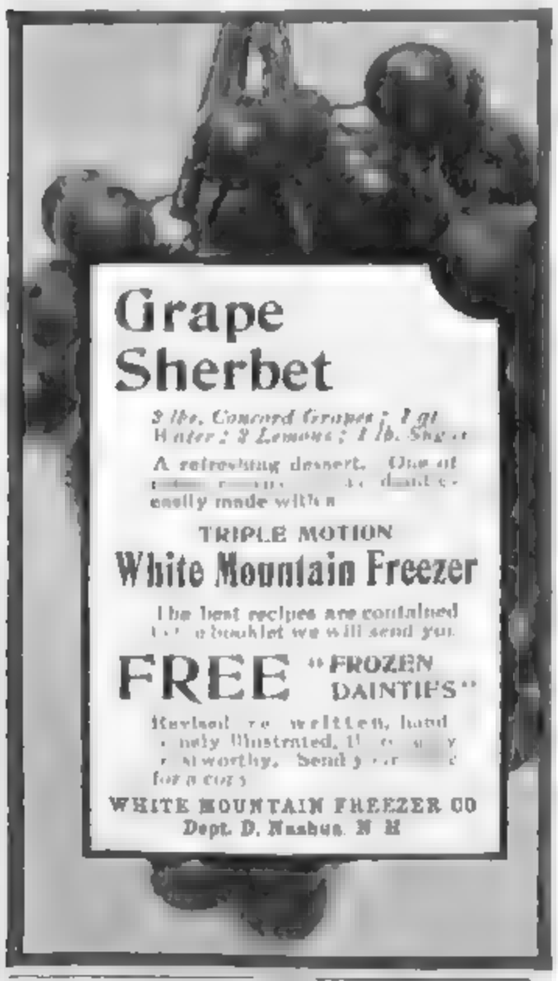

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The Reading Table

The Best Woman in the World

Secretary Leslie M. Shaw, the new head of the Treasury Department, is intensely devoted to his wife and family. In all his public life this fact has been noted by those who have had an opportunity to observe closely his relations of a more personal nature. The spirit of comradeship between the Secretary and Mrs. Shaw is quite delightful, and it is safe to say that the following story cannot be duplicated in public life in Washington

Shortly after his election as Governor of Iowa, and while Mrs. Shaw was still at the family home in Denison, the Governor one day scrawled this address on an envelope containing a long letter which he had just written to his wife

"To the Best Woman in the World,
Denison, Iowa."

All there was to indicate the origin of the communication were the words, "Executive Office, State of Iowa," up in one corner of the envelope, but Mrs. Shaw got that letter on time, and the Postmaster at Denison smiled as he tossed the bulky package into the Shaw box. He did not hesitate for a minute, for Mrs. Shaw had lived in the town for a score of years and had never made an enemy. The Postmaster knew her consideration for other people's feelings, her kindness of heart and consistent wish to do good to those about her

Thereafter many a similarly indorsed missive caused a smile to light the faces of the railway mail clerks and the Postmaster, but the letters never halted for a second when started to the destination. Letters, papers, books, and almost everything mailable went there under that address, written in various styles and manners of chirography, without a single thing to indicate the origin of the package or the identity of the sender

Governor Shaw frequently offered to wager with his friends that any of them could address any mailable package as he had done and it would be delivered without delay and without any preliminary investigation. His wager was never accepted, for his friends knew that no letter ever delivered in Iowa more promptly reached its destination than the ones sent to "The Best Woman in the World, Denison, Iowa."

How Birds are Hunted

The hunting of birds of bright plumage, for the millinery trade, furnishes a profitable occupation nowadays for great numbers of native Indians in Central and South America, the blowgun—a long tube made from the stem of a certain kind of palm—being the weapon ordinarily employed. Fine-pointed darts, wrapped with palm-cotton to make them fit the bore, serve as projectiles, propelled by the breath, and in Brazil and Ecuador they are usually poisoned with the deadly "curari"—a mixture of snake venom and other powerful toxic agents

The poison makes the slightest scratch fatal, but not instantly, so that the stricken bird does not frighten its companions by tumbling with a flop to the ground. Thus an entire flock may be destroyed one at a time by a single marksman, and little damage is done to the precious skins. From Ecuador come great numbers of humming-birds, obtained in this way, and not one skin in a thousand is perceptibly injured

For some reason not satisfactorily explained, white men are unable to acquire the art of using the blowpipe—that is to say, with darts. Sometimes they learn how to employ this weapon of precision for the projection of small clay balls, to kill birds, but ordinarily the natives attend to the business of destruction, skinning the feathered creatures as fast as they are secured, and disposing of them to white traders. In this manner immense numbers of brilliant tropical birds are exported from Brazil, mostly by way of Para, while from Guatemala, Costa Rico and Honduras come the superb long-tailed trogons, which in beauty rival the birds of paradise

The neighborhood of Bogota is one of the most productive regions in the world for beautiful birds. There are deep valleys and lofty mountains round about, so that species belonging to various climatic zones from tropical to sub arctic are represented. Long ago, Europeans skilled in the art taught some of the natives how to skin birds for market, and to day many of the Indians are able to do this kind of work as well as the average taxidermist, the result being that the skins are exported to Europe and the United States in a very fine state

One of the most remarkable methods of bird-catching is employed by the Indians of Ecuador for taking the sky-searching condor, which has to be sought on the loftiest summits of the mountains. The hunter digs a hole in the ground large enough to hide him, and over it spreads a cow's hide. Close by the hole he has placed the carcass of an ancient horse, driven to the spot and killed there, to serve as bait. When the condor arrives and is busy feeding, it is seized by the legs

A few years ago the rhea or "South American ostrich," was well nigh exterminated in Patagonia, because of the demand for its feathers as material for feather dusters Only when it became so scarce that the pursuit of it was no longer profitable did the slaughter of this valuable and interesting species cease

Every German His Own Kaiser

A story is going the rounds of the Legations and Embassies concerning a conversation Herr von Holleben, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, recently had with a society leader of Washington

"It has often puzzled me," the lady said, "to understand just how the German men manage to maintain such superb dominion over their wives without destroying the latter's sense of freedom or minimizing their happiness and content."

"It is very simple, indeed," replied the Ambassador; "merely a question of conjugal diplomacy."

But supposing the wife ventures to set up her judgment against that of her liege lord?"

"In that case," said the diplomatist, "the German husband meets the issue by saying to his wife something like this

"'My dear, you know that my judgment is above criticism, for I had the inspired wisdom to select you from among the many, but you, on the other hand, cannot place absolute reliance upon your judgment if, after accepting me, you find yourself wavering as to your confidence in my ability to direct our ways'

"You will readily see," added Herr von Holleben, "that a wife, in wisdom, cannot protest against such a diplomatic assertion of domestic leadership

The Point of View

By Edwin L. Sabin

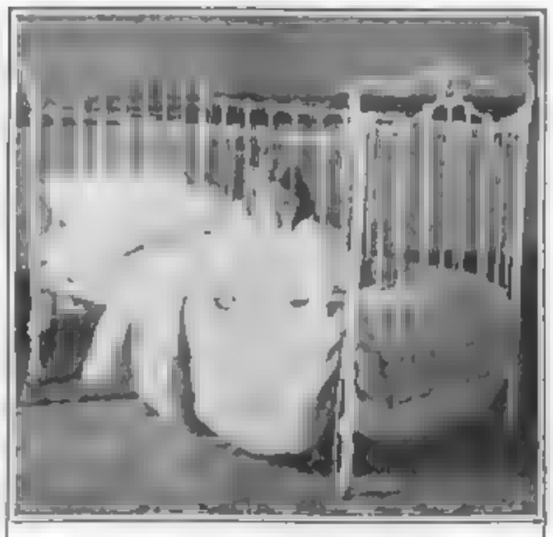
TROUBLE has a trick of coming
Butt end first;
Viewed approaching, then you've seen it
At its worst
Once surmounted, straight it waxes
Ever small,
And it tapers till there's nothing
Left at all!

So, whene'er a difficulty
May impend,
Just remember you are facing
The butt end.
And that looking back upon it,
Like as not
You will marvel at beholding
Just a dot!

Wall Street Bulls and Bears

By Carolyn Wells

A WALL street Bull or Bear's a clever beast;
Usually smooth-skinned, though they're sometimes fleeced.
They live on copper, cotton, oil or wheat,
Or anything they find upon the street
They watch the time for watering the stock,
Although they'd rather drink champagne or hock.



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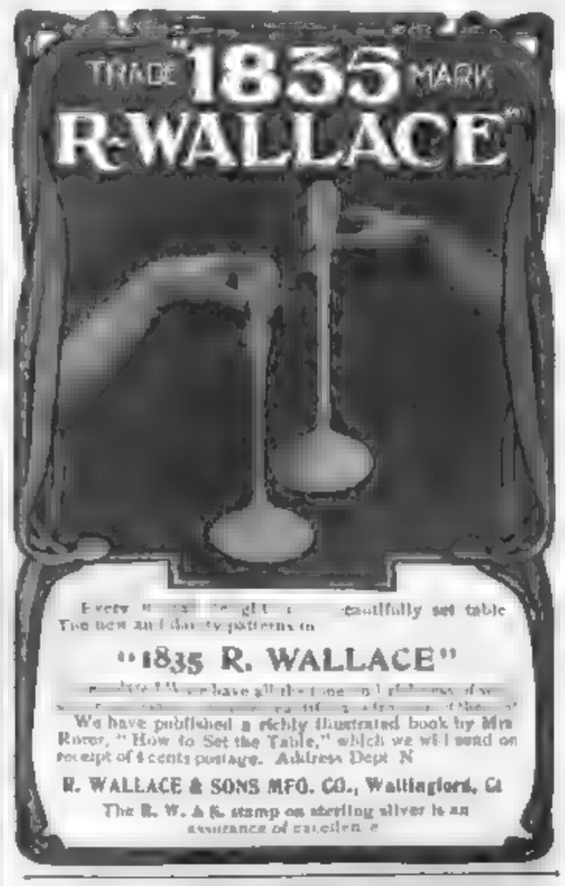

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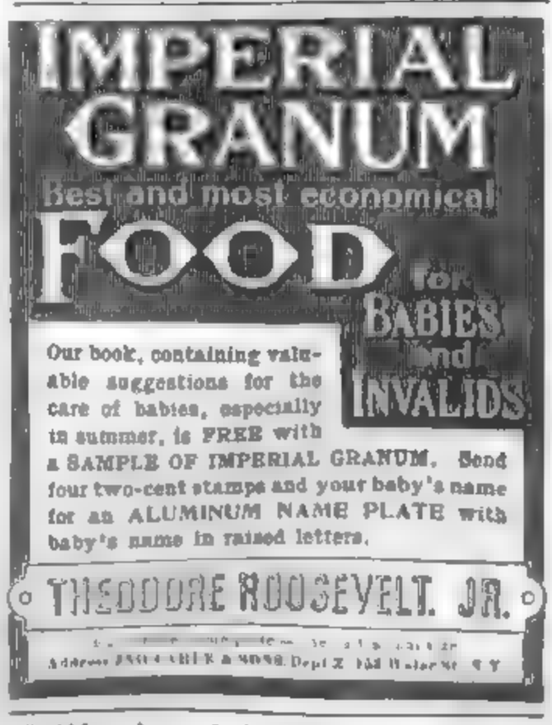

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Big Fish Magic

(Continued from Page 2)

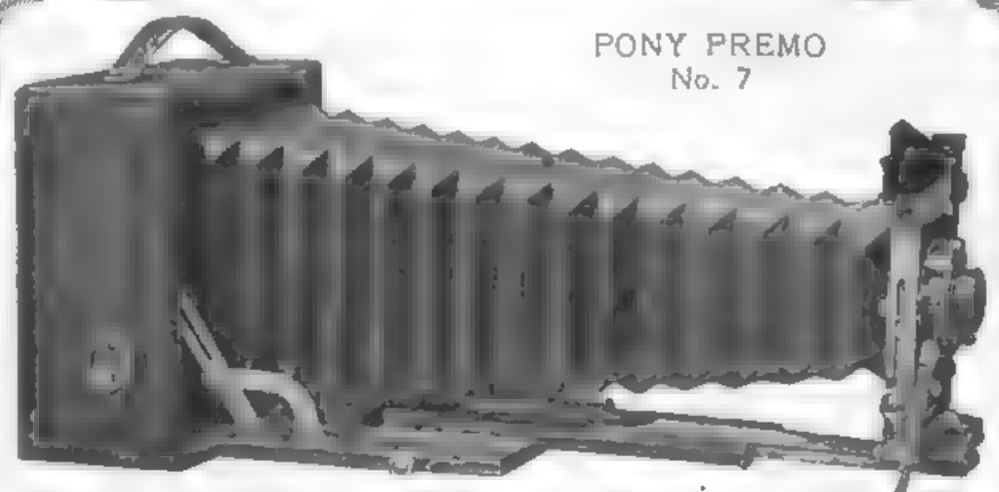
"And the fourth time, when he waited till she'd got in five yards or more, and then went off more aggravatin' ugly than ever—'You—you *beast!*' she cries, gulpin', but the mad glintin' steel-blue through the tears in her eyes. 'You old—you old de-*devil!*' Yes, sir, she 'said a swear,' she surely did! A woman's cussin' is always funny enough, and at that specimen, if I hadn't been paddlin' for a record just then, I could 'a' doubled right up. But it cooled her so quick it was as if her self-respect had put her on ice. She was too shame faced for a while to look up, but I could see her nerves steadyin', her mouth beginnin' to set firm and her wrists gettin' over the St. Vitus as fast as her rawness at herself could pull them together. And then, to show *me*, she started in to deal with that fish as businesslike and straight from the shoulder as her dad himself could have done.

"And the excitement of it begun to follow and drive out her temper just as her temper'd followed and driven out her nervousness. It wasn't all done in one minute or in ten, but before we'd gridironed the channel three times more it was plain to me that the fishin' thrills were doin' their work, and she was beginnin' to enjoy it! Oh, it was an awakenin' for me, all right. I've always granted women have just as much sand in 'em as men have—though they've never had cause, most of 'em, to find it out, and so haven't any faith in theirselves—but I'd never 'a' thought it was in this girl. And to see her old character just *sloughin'* off, and her new one comin' out a-shinin' in place of it—the blood and pluck and spirit of her father, only in a new feminine edition!—I could 'a' sat back and gaped at her! But there was no more time then for gapin' than there had been in the beginnin'. I had to get down to my work again just as swift as she'd got down to hers, for we couldn't tell how much of the fight was still ahead of us.

"I suppose that 'lunge had been born before Temple's great-granddad, and he'd been learnin' the weeds and snags and shoals of the bay ever since. For though he was savage as a swordfish, he was cunnin'er than he was savage. After the first le'p he never showed hisself—clung right to bottom, for 'Deep water, big fish,' as the Injuns say; but Lord, how he did get round! He seemed to feel dead sure that if only he could get into the weed-beds he could shake that spoon and snood just as, a hundred times, he must have cleared grass and rushes out of his jaws. And when he started for them, those minutes we had to put in our best licks, now I tell you! Time and again he tried to make them. And if it wasn't the weeds, it was the sunken bush on the north side; and if he'd once got a turn of the line 'round a snag, he'd have snapped it quicker'n a grocer snaps a string round his tyin' finger. The girl would stop him, but he made those poor fancy-work hands of hers pay the price. Yet she was gamer every minute, though. 'I'm good for it as long as he is,' she'd get out between gasps; and, 'Do you think I could take in a little more line next time?' Then he'd be off again, as fierce and powerful as when she'd first hooked him. All I could do was to keep on tellin' her he was gettin' weaker all the time, and in a little while he'd be comin' to the gaff before she knew it. But, dad fetch it!—that was a flimsier, windier bluff every time, for his pull never seemed to get half a pound the less. Between towin' and bein' towed we criss-crossed from the Channel to the Chute and from the old lime kiln to the Shoal till I got so turned time and again that when I lifted my head I had to look twice to get my bearin's.

"Well, I kept stavin' it off, now by this and next by that, but at last I had to come to it: if that fish was goin' to be landed it wasn't goin' to be in the way we'd been workin' up till then. It mightn't be accordin' to Hoyle, but I'd have to bench the 'bark' and resk losin' him on a jerk, by handlin' the line from shore. And that's what I did. I grounded the canoe off the Painted Boulder, and put in fifteen ticklish minutes coaxin' him up into the shallows. Then finally I felt I could chance it, and made the pull and brought the girl in her fish! I'll tell you what made him such a fighter, and why, as I said before, he couldn't be sufferin' any mortial agony. You know how the membrane of a 'lunge's under jaw sticks out past the upper? Well, this feller was hooked right through that, and therefore he could close his mouth and there was no such thing as drownin' him—which makes all the difference in the world with a fightin' fish. And, as any one knows, by the same fish's bitin'

PONY PREMO
No. 7



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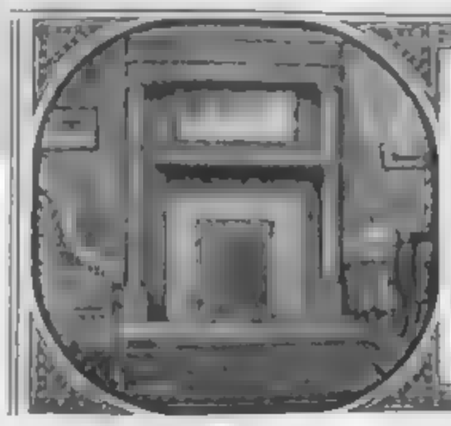

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two or three times in succession, and bein' fetched out at last with that membrane all pulled to pieces by the barbs, it's no more sensitive to the hook than the callouses on a ploughman's hands are to the pins he'll drive through them. Every time that 'lunge'd make another rush for the free fields and find that same old line a-holdin' him, he'd get more b'ilin' indignant—but that's all there *was* to it! The only real pain he suffered was the second my gaff-club came down on the back of his head. After that he didn't more'n twitch his fins again. I got my hands under him and flopped him into the 'bark' and we started home. His tail touched my knees as I paddled, and the girl had to draw in her feet to keep them away from his head.

"I expected her to begin cryin' and sobbin' and hawkin' the minute it was over, but she didn't. It seemed as if she was too full of pride over that fish to have room or thought in her for anything else. 'Did father,' she asks, takin' a long breath to steady her voice—'Did father ever catch one as big as that?' And I says: 'Well, I don't believe he ever caught a *bigger* one.' She was mighty white about the gills, but she had a tea-rose in each cheek and she kept goin' off into a queer, jerky, little laugh every few minutes. And I could see by the way her eyes shone she was just achin' to get back to the house and show her dad.

"She did show him, too, and when Temple saw it he hadn't a word to say—it's the hardest thing on earth for some men to praise their own children—but you can bet I cracked it on all I could to make up while I was weighin' the fish and puttin' the tape-line over him——"

Mat stopped his story abruptly, and pointed with the stem of his pipe to the weather-worn 'giant-pike' head set in the door-post.

"That feller up there was a twenty-three pounder. *This* one went twenty-seven and a half. He was four foot two, length over all, twenty-two inches round the body, had a fourteen-inch head, and his jaws opened seven inches. And all the while I was givin' out the figures Temple kept sayin', '*Well!—well!—well!*' and slowly pattin' the girl on the shoulder.

"And when I finished she flushed and peeked up at him with a funny, sly little look, and says: 'Father, I believe I can beat you 'lunge fishing!'

"'Can you!' he says, tickled past tellin'. 'Well, now, Mab, I believe you can, all right!'

"'You're afraid to let me come along with you after bass to-morrow,' she goes on.

"The way he jumped at it seemed to me pitiful. 'Do you *want* to come?'

"'Yes, I do,' she answers; 'I only wish now that I'd gone before.'

"And she went, too, and what's more, stayed with it for as long as they were here—for all her sister and the old lady nagged at her and opposed it. She dropped out of most of the actual *fishin'* part of it—for after all, in some ways it's a sort of ongentle business for women—but when she came up with Temple last year she brought her bicyclin' togs and went out with him wherever he went, trampin' and climbin', paddlin' and rowin'. She cooked his dinner on the rocks, and he told her all he knew about the woods and water, and she got back to Nature about as complete and thorough as any man ever did!

"And there's another side to it, too, mebbe a good deal more important, when all's said, than the 'gettin'-back-to-Nature' business. I don't know, but from studyin' on such American families as I've been able to see at close quarters, I've come to the conclusion that in a good many cases that 'Don't-forget-your-mother, dear,' sentiment might almost, without committin' any onpardonable sin, be extended to not forgettin' your father dear, neither. It's a hard thing for a man gettin' on in years to be childless, but it's a mighty sight harder for him to see his children as they grow up gradually gettin' further out of touch and away from him. Temple had two daughters, and I say it was only just and right for him to have a chum and crony in one of them. To see them jollyin' each other out here in the evenin' after a day's sport used to touch me right where I lived. And as for the girl herself, when she grows older and comes to marry—as I reckon it's only wise to count on her doin' some time—is she goin' to make any the worse a wife for havin' put in her apprenticeship a-comradin' that way with her father?

"But as for the way I talked to her that day in MacKenzie's Channel, that's a different matter. She's never opened her mouth about it, but I reckon Justice has it laid up in memory, and there's somethin' comin' to me from that little business yet!"

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SEMINARY

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Of the Lasell Catalogue one father writes: *"It presents more right ideas about education in general, and the best development of girls in particular, than any such book I have ever examined. Of your marvelous success in reducing those ideas to practice, you already know my opinion."* Student life at Lasell is happy, healthy, earnest, and parents agree it is in all ways profitable. Special care of morals and manners. $600 per year.

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Pennsylvania Railroad personally conducted tour leaves August 2; returns August 31, visiting Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, and traversing the Canadian Rockies by daylight. Round trip rate $200. For particulars address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant Gen'l Passgr. Agt., Philadelphia, Pa.

Kirkwood Military Academy

Large, beautiful grounds. Numbers limited; instruction individual; moral training of the highest. Prepares for college or business. Twenty-first year begins September 11, 1902.

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Ward Seminary for Young Ladies, Nashville, Tenn.

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Inside Information for a Nickel

Pretty soon, if things go on as they have been going, most of the ordinary business of life will be accomplished automatically by the dropping of a coin. Just put a nickel down the slot, and the machine will do the rest.

The newest of coin-controlled contrivances is an X-Ray apparatus which furnishes off-hand the Roentgen radiations to any casual applicant who happens to have five cents with which to pay for the luxury. All one has to do is to place his eyes at an opening in the upper part of the machine—this part of the contrivance being in fact a fluoroscope—and (the requisite nickel being deposited) he beholds an appearance resembling illuminated ground-glass. For the coin has brought about the completion of an electric circuit, which, through the medium of an induction coil, starts up the mysterious and wonderful phenomenon called "fluorescence" in a Crookes tube.

It is the fluorescence, of course, that gives rise to the illumination viewed by the observer, who, in obedience to instructions printed on a placard above, thrusts his hand into an opening between the fluoroscope and the Crookes tube. Immediately thereupon he beholds the bones of his hand with gruesome and gratifying distinctness.

If preferred, any other convenient object, ordinarily opaque, such as a book, may be introduced into the open space, and the observer will seem to see directly through it. If a coin be placed between the leaves of the book it will be seen, just as though there were no book present.

These are phenomena already familiar to many people, but hitherto most folks have had no chance to observe them, though they have read a good deal about them in the newspapers and magazines. The machine here described brings them, as one might say, before the eyes of the multitude.

The New Dentistry

Modern dentistry is accomplishing wonders in the way of preserving and enhancing the beauty of the teeth, and in this direction the newest achievement is the porcelain filling. No longer is it necessary to have a "cavity" plugged with gold, so as to make the repair-work conspicuous to the eyes of other people. One may have it simply filled with a material which is to all intents and purposes just like the substance of the tooth itself, matching the latter perfectly, and being practically invisible.

To begin with, a mold of the cavity is obtained by pressing into it a bit of extremely thin platinum foil. The foil being then taken out, it forms a little cup of exactly the shape of the hole in the tooth. Next a series of porcelain teeth of different shades are placed in juxtaposition with the tooth that is to be filled, until a perfect match is found. The porcelain tooth selected has a number, which corresponds to one of a series of little boxes containing powdered porcelain mixtures. So now the dental surgeon is ready to go ahead.

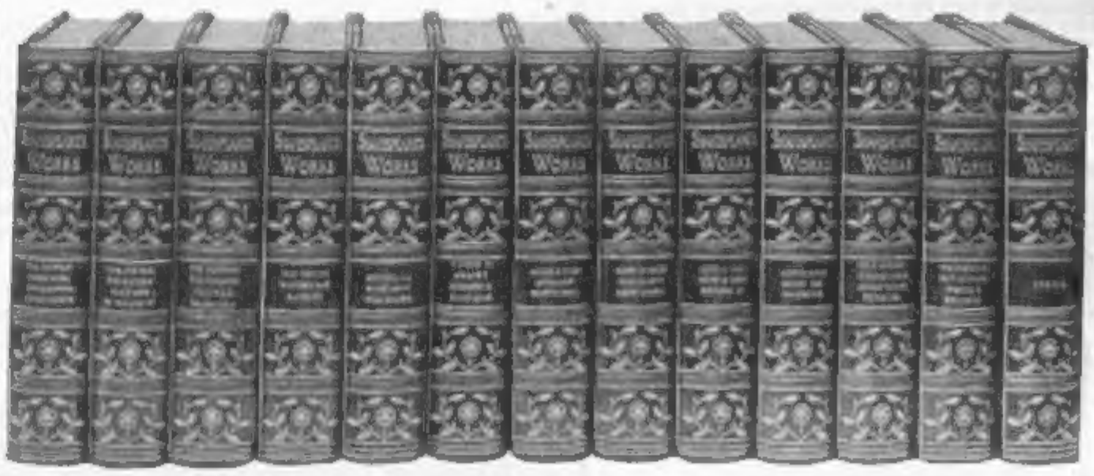
He grinds a small quantity of the proper porcelain mixture in a mortar with water, and, when it is ready, fills with it the tiny cup of platinum foil. Putting the cup of foil into an electric furnace, he heats it to a white heat, an important part of the business consisting in knowing just how long to continue the cooking process. When the stuff has reached the proper point it is withdrawn, and the little lump of fresh-made porcelain is removed from the platinum foil.

Now the dentist puts a little cement into the cavity and thereupon inserts the bit of porcelain, which, if the operation has been properly performed, will exactly fit the hole. A few minutes being allowed for the cement to "set," the patient goes away, to return twenty-four hours later and have the outer and exposed part of the porcelain filling carefully smoothed and polished, so that it shall be even with the normal surface of the tooth.

A filling of this kind is said to become practically part of the tooth itself. The process is so new that only a few dentists in this country practice it as yet, and it has not been introduced into Europe at all. However, everything that is worth while in dentistry is invented in America, and the people on the other side merely imitate us in this art.

92 Slightly Damaged Sets for Saturday Evening Post Readers

This is a genuine book bargain. Lovers of Shakespeare and those who are collecting a library will see in this announcement an opportunity to secure the **best edition** of Shakespeare at a surprisingly low figure. If you ever intend to read Shakespeare or to possess a good edition of his works, now is your chance. At the close of our heavy spring sale we find that we have on hand ninety-two sets of the International Shakespeare in a slightly marred condition—each set having a few pages slightly soiled or the bindings a little rubbed. **But for all practical purposes they are as good as new.** We cannot sell them in justice to ourselves as perfect sets, so we are going to close them out to SATURDAY EVENING POST readers at about what it cost to make them. The coupon will bring you a set at our expense, which may be returned if not satisfactory.



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The New International Edition

This edition of Shakespeare stands based on three centuries of searching criticism. It indicates the high-water mark of Shakespearean scholarship. It contains the famous Cambridge text, which has been for forty years the standard text of Shakespeare. To this text have been added **Prefaces;** copious **Critical Comments** taken from the works of great Shakespearean scholars; full **Glossaries** defining every difficult word; **Explanatory** and **Critical Notes,** which make clear every obscure passage. There are over **200 Illustrations,** many of them being full-page **chromatic plates** in colors and **photogravures** on Japan vellum. Included with the set is a complete **Life of Shakespeare** by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical estimates of Shakespeare's genius by Walter Bagehot, Leslie Stephen and Thomas Spencer Baynes. Shakespeare's Works are given complete, including the **Sonnets and Poems.** The volumes are elegantly bound in cloth or half-leather, stamped in gold. **A set is a complete Shakespearean library.**

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The remaining sets that we have on hand will be closed out to SATURDAY EVENING POST readers at **$19.00 for sets in half-leather binding and $16.00 for cloth binding,** and you may pay in small payments of $2.00 a month. The regular price of these sets is $36.00 and $30.00. We advise you to order promptly if you wish to avoid a possible disappointment in not securing a set. We are so confident that this edition will please the most exacting buyer that we willingly send complete sets for examination. The coupon will bring you a set for examination **(express prepaid by us)** and if it is not satisfactory it may be returned at our expense without costing you a cent.

FREE We will send **free with each set** of this edition a complete Topical Index to Shakespeare's plays (forming one volume) and a plan of study for each play, containing study questions. The Index volume is in every way equal to a Concordance, and no Concordance can be purchased for less than $6.00. The Method of Study for each play is invaluable to students.

The University Society
78 Fifth Avenue, New York

The University Society
78 Fifth Avenue
New York

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5000 Bicycles, *overstock.* For 30 days only we will sacrifice at *less than actual factory cost* New 1902 Models.

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Latest Devices for Men's Summer Comfort

1 Set of Hook Attachments, enabling you to wear suspenders under your shirt giving it effect of *Shirt Waist.*
6 Bachelor Buttons, to put on trousers without sewing.
6 Gold Plated Collar Buttons.
Pair of Men's Silkaline Garters.
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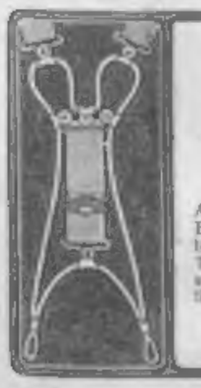

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Easy on the Buttons—

President Suspender

Adjusts itself to every bend of the body. Every pair guaranteed. The genuine has "President" on the buckles. Trimmings cannot rust. Made in all styles—heavy and slight—also for boys. Sold everywhere 50c., or by mail.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 231 B, Shirley, Mass.

The August Number of Mahin's Magazine

Free to Every Yearly Subscriber

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A 72-page collection of valuable advertising matter containing reproductions of posters, street car cards, magazine and newspaper advertisements and a symposium presenting the strongest claims for various kinds of advertising by men who have made national reputations in the specialties on which they write. Here is a partial list:

Magazines by E. H. Doubleday
Publisher of World's Work.
Home Papers by E. W. Spaulding
Advertising Director of The Ladies' Home Journal and The Saturday Evening Post.
Women's Papers by Thomas Balmer
Western Manager The Delineator.
Metropolitan Dailies by J. E. Verree
Chicago Representative 10 large Newspapers.
Local Dailies by A. W. Lee
President Lee Syndicate Iowa Newspapers.
Illustrated Weeklies by Conde Nast
Manager of Collier's Weekly.
Out-Door Advertising by O. J. Gude
President O. J. Gude Co., New York.
Bill Posting by R. C. Campbell
Manager American Posting Service.
Mail Order Papers by W. C. Hunter
Secretary Keyes's Monthly.
Street Cars by Barron G. Collier
President Consolidated R. R. Adv. Co.
Religious Papers by Everett Sisson
Publisher "The Interior."
Farm Papers by R. S. Thain
Late of Farm, Field and Fireside.

2 The Commercial Value of Advertising

A lecture delivered by John Lee Mahin at the University of Chicago, being an exposition of the vital principles underlying modern scientific advertising. This lecture contains matter full of interest and value to not only the advertiser but to all people who desire to keep in touch with the commercial progress of the present day.

3 Our Six Leaflets

THE "FOLLOW-UP" SYSTEM.
HOW A CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE REMOVES DIFFICULTIES.
THE VALUE OF AN INQUIRY.
MODERN BUSINESS METHODS.
TURNING INQUIRIES INTO ORDERS.
THE ADVERTISING OF THE FUTURE.

will contain the following articles, all of which will be of extreme value to everyone interested in the vital principles underlying advertising and the development of industrial forces.

"The Composition and Placing of Advertisements," by Walter Dill Scott, Director of the Psychological Laboratory of the Northwestern University.

"The Barnum Principle of Advertising," by Herbert L. Willett, Professor in the University of Chicago.

"The Nation's Leading Industries," by George B. Waldron, the eminent Statistician.

These writers, whose high standing in their respective fields is unquestioned, have been engaged to make special investigations in Psychology, Ethics and Statistics, as related to advertising, and to embody the results in articles exclusive to

Mahin's Magazine

Such an exposition of the fundamental principles of advertising has never before been attempted by any periodical. The papers already published have aroused much favorable comment from advanced thinkers. Those to come will be of equal interest.

Special Features

In addition to the contributions from the above writers, every number of Mahin's Magazine will treat exhaustively on some special feature of Advertising, giving invaluable, practical information.

The subject thus taken up in the August issue is **"Newspapers in Cities of 50,000 or More Inhabitants."**

There will also be many other articles in the different numbers from men who offer the results of wide experience in the practical application of advertising principles.

Send a Dollar To-Day for a Year's Subscription
(Including Free Literature)

Mahin's Magazine

222 Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

10c will bring either April, May, June, July or August issue if you want to examine a copy before subscribing, but if you send $1.00 we will send you the magazine for 12 months, the Mahin Method, the University Lecture and the Six Leaflets. After you receive them if you are not satisfied we will refund your dollar—cheerfully.

THE INCREASED DEMAND for HARTFORD TIRES and DUNLOP TIRES

for Bicycles, Carriages and Automobiles, is proof of their high standing with tire users. They have a name and fame everywhere as being the most successful and reliable tires of their respective types. They raise the standard of any kind of vehicle in the estimation of the purchaser. We have in stock, and will supply, the proper size and proper weight tire for every kind of wheel. Let us send you expert advice regarding the tires best adapted to your needs.

The DUNLOP DETACHABLE TIRE has a world-wide reputation for resiliency, speed, comfort and durability

There are the only tires you can use

The HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE TIRE is the synonym for all that is excellent and advanced in tire construction

SINGLE TUBE

The HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
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Our Hartford Solid Vehicle Tires are particularly adapted for use where length of service is required. Proper strength and uniformity is guaranteed.

Low Rate Tours to the Pacific Coast

via Pennsylvania Railroad. Leave August 2. Round trip rates: returning via the Canadian Rockies, $200; returning via the Northern Pacific Railway and visiting the Yellowstone Park, $250. For itinerary giving full particulars, address GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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Persons who wish to speak and write English correctly will learn much to their advantage by sending stamp for our catalog of practical books; the works of enriched and mellow minds; of especial value to the businessman or student.

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GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.

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STAR Safety Razor

Shaves Clean and Never Pulls

Gentlemen with strong and wiry beards and tender skins, to whom shaving is torture, will find self shaving with this marvel of simplicity delightful.

Every Razor guaranteed. The Only Original and Best Safety Razor in the World.

Time and Money Saver

A RAZOR OF MERIT. Established 1875

The secret of our success is quality

Insist on getting the "3 Stars." Higher in price than imitations, but well worth the difference. There is none "just as good." Razor complete, $2.00. Handsome Sets, $2.50 and up. Send for Catalogue.

KAMPFE BROTHERS, 8-12 Reade Street, New York
Of all leading dealers in high-class cutlery

It costs only One Cent to ride five miles on

The Merkel Motor Cycle

HEADS THE PROCESSION

Better write us for Catalog at once.

THE MERKEL MFG. CO., Department S, Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAFNESS

Why don't you use a Morley Ear-Drum?

and hear like other folks, without ear-trumpets or tubes.

Send for book about the

Morley Ear-Drum

a harmless, invisible and comfortable help for the ear. Different from anything else.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. T
10 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

Paint your house with PATTON'S Sun Proof Paints and forget all about painting for five years—maybe ten.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, General Distributors. Send for Book of Paint Knowledge and Advice, free, to PATTON PAINT COMPANY, 331 Lake Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

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You can make summer cooking a pleasure by using our

Steam Cooker With Doors

Entire meal cooked over one burner. Saves fuel, labor and provisions. Used on any kind of stove. Only cooker made with steam condenser and copper tank, sold on 30 days' trial. Get it for your home and summer cottage.

AGENTS WANTED. Liberal terms. $30 and $50 a week can be made by agents. Write for territory at once. Don't delay, as largest sales are made during summer months. Illustrated circulars free.

ORIO STEAM COOKER COMPANY
56 Ontario Building, Out. and Jeff. Sts., Toledo, Ohio

CHECKERBOARD PACKAGES

Here's Health at 15¢ a Package.

Ralston

The Great Summer Food

Begin the day right with Nature's offering—a cooling and nutritious cereal. The whole wheat grain (so rich in gluten) carefully cleaned and scientifically milled makes this ideal cereal—

Ralston Breakfast Food

It's Ralston Breakfast Food that makes the children hearty and robust—that improves and strengthens both body and mind and delights by its flavor and wholesomeness all who use it. Won't you try one 2-lb. checkerboard package only 15 cents at your grocer's.

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852 Gratiot St. *"Where Purity is Paramount"* **St. Louis, Mo.**

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